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"*Multi multa sciunt, pauci multum.*"

"It is one thing to wish to have truth on our side, and another thing to wish to be on the side of truth."—WHATELY.

"I would forge as well as furnish the mind."—MONTAIGNE.

"It is by your own eyes, and your own ears, and your own minds, and (I may add) by your own hearts, that you must observe, and learn, and profit. I can only point to the objects, and say little else than 'See here, and see there.'"—DR. LATHAM.

"It is a wise and benevolent, though by no means an obvious arrangement of a creative Providence, that a certain degree of oblivion becomes a most useful instrument in the advancement of human knowledge."—DR. THOMAS YOUNG.

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To JAMES SYME, Esq.,

Professor of Clinical Surgery in the University of Edinburgh,

My old Master and constant Friend,

And a signal exemplar of the power of "Brains,"

These pages are gratefully Inscribed.

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"*With BRAINS, Sir.*"

PRAY, Mr. Opie, may I ask what you mix your colours with?" said a brisk dilettante student to the great painter. "With *Brains*, Sir," was the gruff reply—and the right one. It did not give much of what we call information; it did not expound the principles and rules of the art; but, if the inquirer had the commodity referred to, it would awaken him; it would set him a going, a-thinking, and a-painting to good purpose. If he had not the wherewithal, as was likely enough, the less he had to do with colours and their mixture the better. Many other artists, when asked such a question, would have either set about detailing the mechanical composition of such and such colours, in such and such proportions, rubbed up so and so; or perhaps they would (and so much the better, but not the best) have shown him how they laid them on; but even this would leave

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him at the critical point. Opie preferred going to the quick and the heart of the matter: "With *Brains*, Sir."

Sir Joshua Reynolds was taken by a friend to see a picture. He was anxious to admire it, and he looked it over with a keen and careful but favourable eye. "Capital composition; correct drawing; the colour, tone, chiaroscuro excellent; but—but—it wants, hang it, it wants —*That!*" snapping his fingers; and, wanting "that," though it had everything else, it was worth nothing.

Again, Etty was appointed teacher of the students of the Royal Academy, having been preceded by a clever, talkative, scientific expounder of æsthetics, who delighted to tell the young men *how* everything was done, how to copy this, and how to express that. A student came up to the new master, "How should I do this, Sir?" "Suppose you try." Another, "What does this mean, Mr. Etty?" "Suppose you look." "But I have looked." "Suppose you look again." And they did try, and they did look, and looked again; and they saw and achieved what they never could have done, had the how or the what (supposing this possible, which it is not in its full and highest meaning) been told them, or done for them; in the one

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case, sight and action were immediate, exact, intense, and secure; in the other mediate, feeble, and lost as soon as gained. But what are "*Brains?*" what did Opie mean? and what is Sir Joshua's "*That?*" What is included in it? and what is the use, or the need of trying and trying, of missing often before you hit, when you can be told at once and be done with it; or of looking when you may be shown? Everything in medicine and in painting—practical arts—as means to ends, let their scientific enlargement be ever so rapid and immense, depends upon the right answers to these questions.

First of all, "brains," in the painter, are not diligence, knowledge, skill, sensibility, a strong will, or a high aim,—he may have all these, and never paint anything so truly good and effective as the rugged woodcut we must all remember, of Apollyon bestriding the whole breadth of the way, and Christian girding at him like a man, in the old sixpenny *Pilgrim's Progress;* and a young medical student may have zeal, knowledge, ingenuity, attention, a good eye and a steady hand—he may be an accomplished anatomist, stethoscopist, histologist, and analyst; and yet, with all this, and all the lectures, and all the books, and all the sayings, and all the preparations, drawings, tables and other helps

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of his teachers, crowded into his memory or his note-books, he may be beaten in treating a whitlow or a colic, by the nurse in the wards where he was clerk, or by the old country doctor who brought him into the world, and who listens with such humble wonder to his young friend's account, on his coming home after each session, of all he had seen and done—of all the last astonishing discoveries and operations of the day. What the painter wants, in addition to, and as the complement of the other elements, is *genius and sense;* what the doctor needs to crown and give worth and safety to his accomplishments, is *sense and genius:* in the first case, more of this, than of that; in the second, more of that, than of this. These are the "*Brains*" and the "*That.*"

And what is genius? and what is sense? Genius is a peculiar native aptitude, or tendency, to any one calling or pursuit over all others. A man may have a genius for governing, for killing, or for curing the greatest number of men, and in the best possible manner: a man may have a genius for the fiddle, or his mission may be for the tight-rope, or the Jew's harp; or it may be a natural turn for seeking, and finding, and teaching truth, and for doing the greatest possible good to mankind; or it may

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be a turn equally original for seeking, and finding, and teaching a lie, and doing the *maximum* of mischief. It was as natural, as inevitable, for Wilkie to develop himself into a painter, and such a painter as we know him to have been, as it is for an acorn when planted to grow up into an oak, a specific *Quercus robur*. But *genius*, and nothing else, is not enough, even for a painter: he must likewise have *sense;* and what is sense? *Sense* drives, or ought to drive, the coach; sense regulates, combines, restrains, commands, all the rest—even the genius; and sense implies exactness and soundness, power and promptitude of mind.

Then for the young doctor, he must have as his main, his master faculty, SENSE—Brains—*νοῦς*, justness of mind, because his subject-matter is one in which principle works, rather than impulse, as in painting; the understanding has first to do with it, however much it is worthy of the full exercise of the feelings, and the affections. But all will not do, if GENIUS is not there,—a real turn for the profession. It may not be a liking for it—some of the best of its practitioners never really liked it, at least liked other things better; but there must be a fitness or faculty of body and mind for its full, constant, exact pursuit. This sense and this genius, such a special thera-

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peutic gift, had Hippocrates, Sydenham, Pott, Pinel, John Hunter, Delpech, Dupuytren, Kellie, Cheyne, Baillie, and Abercrombie. We might, to pursue the subject, pick out painters who had much genius and little or no sense, and *vice versâ;* and physicians and surgeons, who had sense without genius, and genius without sense, and some perhaps who had neither, and yet were noticeable, and, in their own sideways, useful men.

But our great object will be gained if we have given our young readers (and these remarks are addressed exclusively to students) any idea of what we mean, if we have made them think, and look inwards. The noble and sacred science you have entered on, is large, difficult, and deep, beyond most others; it is every day becoming larger, deeper, and in many senses more difficult, more complicated and involved. It requires *more than the averdge* intellect, energy, attention, patience, and courage, and that singular but imperial quality, at once a gift and an acquirement, *presence of mind*—ἀγχινοία, or nearness of the νοῦς, as the subtle Greeks called it—than almost any other department of human thought and action, except perhaps that of ruling men. Therefore it is, that we hold it to be of paramount importance that the parents,

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teachers, and friends of youths intended for medicine, and above all, that those who examine them on their entering on their studies, should at least (we might safely go much farther) satisfy themselves as far as they can, that they are not below *par* in intelligence; they may be deficient and unapt, *quâ medici*, and yet, if taken in time, may make excellent men in other useful and honourable callings.

But suppose we have got the requisite amount and specific kind of capacity, how are we to furnish it with its means; how are we to make it effectual for its end? On this point we say nothing, except that the fear now-a-days, is rather that the mind gets too much of too many things, than too little or too few. But this means of turning knowledge to action, making it what Bacon meant when he said it was power, invigorating the thinking substance—giving tone, and you may call it muscle and nerve, blood and bone, to the mind—a firm gripe, and a keen and sure eye: *that*, we think, is far too little considered or cared for at present, as if the mere act of filling in everything for ever into a poor lad's brain, would give him the ability to make anything of it, and above all, the power to appropriate the small portions of true nutriment, and reject the dregs.

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One comfort we have, that in the main, and in the last resort, there is really very little that *can* be done for any man by another. Begin with the sense and the genius—the keen appetite and the good digestion—and, amid all obstacles and hardships, the work goes on merrily and well; without these, we all know what a laborious affair, and a dismal, it is to make an incapable youth apply. Did any of you ever set yourselves to keep up artificial respiration, or to trudge about for a whole night with a narcotized victim of opium, or transfuse blood (your own perhaps) into a poor, fainting exanimate wretch? If so, you will have some idea of the heartless attempt, and its generally vain and miserable result, to make a dull student apprehend—a debauched one, interested, knowing, or active in anything beyond the base of his brain—a weak, etiolated intellect hearty, and worth anything; and yet how many such are dragged through their dreary *curricula*, and by some miraculous process of cramming, and equally miraculous power of turning their insides out, get through their examinations: and then—what then? providentially, in most cases, they find their level; the broad daylight of the world—its shrewd and keen eye, its strong instinct of what can, and what cannot, serve *its*

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purpose—puts all, except the poor object himself, to rights; happy is it for him if he turn to some new and more congenial pursuit in time.

But it may be asked, how are the brains to be strengthened, the sense quickened, the genius awakened, the affections raised—the whole man turned to the best account for the cure of his fellow-men? How are you, when physics and physiology are increasing so marvellously, and when the burden of knowledge, the quantity of transferable information, of registered facts, of current names—and such names!—is so infinite: how are you to enable a student to take all in, bear up under all, and use it as not abusing it, or being abused by it? You must invigorate the containing and sustaining mind, you must strengthen him from within, as well as fill him from without; you must discipline, nourish, edify, relieve, and refresh his entire nature; and how? We have no time to go at large into this, but we will indicate what we mean:—encourage languages, especially French and German, at the early part of their studies; encourage not merely the book knowledge, but the personal pursuit of natural history, of field botany, of geology, of zoology; give the young, fresh, unforgetting eye, exercise and free scope upon the infinite

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diversity and combination of natural colours, forms, substances, surfaces, weights, and sizes —everything, in a word, that will educate their eye or ear, their touch, taste, and smell, their sense of muscular resistance; encourage them by prizes, to make skeletons, preparations, and collections of any natural objects; and, above all, try and get hold of their affections, and make them put their hearts into their work. Let them, if possible, have the advantage of a regulated *tutorial*, as well as the ordinary professorial system. Let there be no excess in the number of classes and frequency of lectures. Let them be drilled in composition; by this we mean the writing and spelling of correct, plain English (a matter not of every-day occurrence, and not on the increase),—let them be directed to the best books of the old masters in medicine, and *examined in them*,—let them be encouraged in the use of a wholesome and manly literature. We do not mean popular or even modern literature—such as Emerson, Bulwer, or Alison, or the trash of inferior periodicals or novels—fashion, vanity, and the spirit of the age, will attract them readily enough to all these; we refer to the treasures of our elder and better authors. If our young medical student would take our advice, and for an hour or two twice a week take up a volume of

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Shakspere, Cervantes, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Montaigne, Addison, Defoe, Goldsmith, Fielding, Scott, Charles Lamb, Macaulay, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Helps, Thackeray, &c., not to mention authors on deeper and more sacred subjects—they would have happier and healthier minds, and make none the worse doctors. If they, by good fortune—for the tide has set in strong against the *literæ humaniores*—have come off with some Greek or Latin, we would supplicate for an ode of Horace, a couple of pages of Cicero or of Pliny once a month, and a page of Xenophon. French and German should be mastered either before or during the first years of study. They will never afterwards be acquired so easily or so thoroughly, and the want of them may be bitterly felt when too late.

But one main help, we are persuaded, is to be found in studying, and by this we do not mean the mere reading, but the digging into and through, the energizing upon, and mastering such books as we have mentioned at the close of this paper. These are not, of course, the only works we would recommend to those who wish to understand thoroughly, and to make up their minds, on these great subjects as wholes; but we all know too well that our Art

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is long, broad, and deep,—and Time, opportunity, and our little hour, brief and uncertain, therefore, we would recommend those books as a sort of game of the mind, a mental exercise—like cricket, a gymnastic, a clearing of the eyes of their mind as with euphrasy, a strengthening their power over particulars, a getting fresh, strong views of worn out, old things, and, above all, a learning the right use of their reason, and by knowing their own ignorance and weakness, finding true knowledge and strength. Taking up a book like Arnauld, and reading a chapter of his lively, manly sense, is like throwing your manuals, and scalpels, and microscopes, and natural (most unnatural) orders out of your hand and head, and taking a game with the Grange Club, or a run to the top of Arthur Seat. Exertion quickens your pulse, expands your lungs, makes your blood warmer and redder, fills your mouth with the pure waters of relish, strengthens and supples your legs; and though on your way to the top you may encounter rocks, and baffling *débris*, and gusts of fierce winds rushing out upon you from behind corners, just as you will find in Arnauld, and all truly serious and honest books of the kind, difficulties and puzzles, winds of doctrine, and deceitful mists; still you are rewarded at the top

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by the wide view. You see, as from a tower, the end of all. You look into the perfections and relations of things. You see the clouds, the bright lights, and the everlasting hills on the fai horizon. You come down the hill a happier, a better, and a hungrier man, and of a better mind. But, as we said, you must eat the book, you must crush it, and cut it with your teeth and swallow it; just as you must walk up, and not be carried up the hill, much less imagine you are there, or look upon a picture of what you would see were you up, however accurately or artistically done; no—you yourself must *do* both.

Philosophy—the love and the possession of wisdom—is divided into two things, science or knowledge; and a habit, or power of mind. He who has got the first is not truly wise unless his mind has reduced and assimilated it, as Dr. Prout would have said, unless he appropriates and can use it for his need.

The prime qualifications of a physician may be summed up in the words *Capax*, *Perspicax*, *Sagax*, *Efficax*. *Capax*—there must be room to receive, and arrange, and keep knowledge; *Perspicax*—senses and perceptions, keen, accurate, and immediate, to bring in materials from all sensible things; *Sagax*—a central power of knowing what is what, and what it is worth, of choos-

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ing and rejecting, of judging; and finally, *Efficax* —the will and the way—the power to turn all the other three—capacity, perspicacity, sagacity, to account, in the performance of the thing in hand, and thus rendering back to the outer world, in a new and useful form, what you had received from it. These are the intellectual qualities which make up the physician, without any one of which he would be *mancus*, and would not deserve the name of a complete artsman, any more than proteine would be itself if any one of its four elements were amissing.

We have left ourselves no room to speak of the books we have named at the end of this paper. We recommend them all to our young readers. Arnauld's excellent and entertaining *Art of Thinking*—the once famous Port-Royal Logic—is, if only one be taken, probably the best. Thomson's little book is admirable, and is specially suited for a medical student, as its illustrations are drawn with great intelligence and exactness from chemistry and physiology. We know nothing more perfect than the analysis, at page 348, of Sir H. Davy's beautiful experiments to account for the traces of an alkali, found when decomposing water by galvanism. It is quite exquisite, the hunt after and the unearthing of "*the residual cause.*" This book

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has the great advantage of a clear, lively, and strong style. We can only give some short extracts.

INDUCTION AND DEDUCTION.

"We may define the inductive method as the process of discovering laws and rules from facts, and causes from effects; and the deductive, as the method of deriving facts from laws, and effects from their causes."

There is a valuable paragraph on anticipation and its uses—there is a power and desire of the mind to project itself from the known into the unknown, in the expectation of finding what it is in search of.

"This power of divination, this sagacity, which is the mother of all science, we may call anticipation. The intellect, with a dog-like instinct, will not hunt until it has found the scent. It must have some presage of the result before it will turn its energies to its attainment. The system of anatomy which has immortalized the name of Oken, is the consequence of a *flash of anticipation*, which glanced through his mind when he picked up, in a chance walk, the skull of a deer, bleached by the weather, and exclaimed—'*It is a vertebral column!*'"

"The man of science possesses principles—

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the man of art, not the less nobly gifted, is possessed and carried away by them. The principles which art *involves*, science *evolves*. The truths on which the success of art depends lurk in the artist's mind in an undeveloped state, guiding his hand, stimulating his invention, balancing his judgment, but not appearing in regular propositions." "An art (that of medicine for instance) will of course admit into its limits, everything (*and nothing else*) which can conduce to the performance of *its own proper work*; it recognises no other principles of selection."

"He who reads a book on logic, probably thinks no better when he rises up than when he sat down; but if any of the principles there unfolded cleave to his memory, and he afterwards, perhaps unconsciously, shapes and corrects his thoughts by them, no doubt the whole powers of his reasoning receive benefit. In a word, every art, from reasoning to riding and rowing, is learned by assiduous practice; and if principles do any good, it is proportioned to the readiness with which they can be converted into rules, and the patient constancy with which they are applied in all our attempts at excellence."

"*A man can teach names to another man, but he cannot plant in another's mind that far higher gift—the power of naming.*"

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"*Language is not only the vehicle of thought, it is a great and efficient instrument in thinking.*"

"The whole of every *science* may be made the subject of teaching. Not so with *art*; much of it is not teachable."

Coleridge's profound and brilliant, but unequal, and often somewhat nebulous *Essay on Method*, is worth reading over, were it only as an exercitation, and to impress on the mind the meaning and value of *method*. Method is the road by which you reach, or hope to reach, a certain end; it is a process. It is the best direction for the search after truth. System, again, which is often confounded with it, is a mapping out, a circumscription of knowledge, either already gained, or theoretically laid down as probable. Aristotle had a system which did much good, but also much mischief. Bacon was chiefly occupied in preparing and pointing out the way—the only way—of procuring knowledge. He left to others to systematize the knowledge after it was got; but the pride and indolence of the human spirit lead it constantly to build systems on imperfect knowledge. It has the trick of filling up out of its own fancy what it has not the diligence, the humility, and the honesty, to seek in nature; whose servant, and articulate voice, it ought to be.

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Descartes' little tract on Method is, like every thing the lively and deep-souled Breton did, full of original and bright thought.

Sir John Herschel's volume needs no praise. We know no work of the sort, fuller of the best moral worth, as well as the highest philosophy. We fear it is more talked of than read.

We would recommend the article in the *Quarterly Review* as first-rate, and written with great eloquence and grace.

SYDNEY SMITH'S *Sketches of Lectures on Moral Philosophy*. Second Edition.

SEDGWICK'S *Discourse on the Studies at Cambridge, with a Preface and Appendix*. Sixth Edition.

We have put these two worthies here, not because we had forgotten them,—much less because we think less of them than the others, especially Sydney. But because we bring them in at the end of our small entertainment, as we hand round a liqueur—be it Curaçoa, Kimmel, or old Glenlivet—after dinner, and end with the heterogeneous plum-pudding—that most English of realized ideas. Sydney Smith's book is one of rare excellence, and well worthy of the study of men and women, though perhaps not tran-

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scendental enough for our modern philosophers, male and female. It is really astonishing how much of the best of everything, from patriotism to nonsense, is to be found in this volume of sketches. You may read it through, if your sides can bear such an accumulation of laughter, with great benefit; and if you open it anywhere, you can't read three sentences without coming across some, it may be common thought, and often original enough, better expressed and *put* than you ever before saw it. The lectures on the Affections, the Passions and Desires, and on Study, we would have everybody to read and enjoy.

Sedgwick is a different, and, as a whole, an inferior man; but a *man* every inch of him, and an Englishman too, in his thoughts, and in his fine mother wit and tongue. He has, in the midst of all his confusion and passionateness, the true instinct of philosophy—the true venatic sense of objective truth. We know nothing better in the main, than his demolition of what is untrue, and his reduction of what is absurd, and his taking the wind out of what is tympanitic, in the notorious *Vestiges;* we don't say he always does justice to what is really good in it; his mission is to execute justice *upon it*, and that he does. His remarks on Oken and Owen,

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and his quotations from Dr. Clarke's admirable paper on *Development*, in the *Cambridge Philosophical Transactions*, we would recommend to our medical friends. The very confusion of Sedgwick is the free outcome of a deep and racy nature; it puts us in mind of what happened, when an Englishman was looking with astonishment and disgust at a Scotchman eating a singed sheep's head, and was asked by the eater what he thought of that dish? "*Dish!* Sir, do you call that a dish?" "Dish or no dish," rejoined the Caledonian, "there's a deal o' fine confused feedin' aboot it, let me tell you."

We conclude these rambling remarks with a quotation from Arnauld, the friend of Pascal, and the intrepid antagonist of the Vatican and the Grand Monarque; one of the noblest, freest, most untiring and honest intellects, our world has ever seen. "Why don't you rest sometimes?" said his friend Nicole to him. "Rest! why should I rest here? haven't I an eternity to rest in?" The following sentence from his *Port-Royal Logic*, so well introduced and translated by Mr. Baynes, contains the gist of all we have been trying to say. It should be engraven on the tablets of every young student's heart—for the heart has to do with study as well as the head.

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"There is nothing more desirable than *good sense and justness of mind*,—all other qualities of mind are of limited use, but exactness of judgment is of general utility in every part and in all employments of life.

"*We are too apt to employ reason merely as an instrument for acquiring the sciences, whereas we ought to avail ourselves of the sciences, as an instrument for perfecting our reason;* justness of mind being infinitely more important than all the speculative knowledge which we can obtain by means of sciences the most solid. This ought to lead wise men to make their sciences *the exercise and not the occupation of their mental powers*. Men are not born to employ all their time in measuring lines, in considering the various movements of matter; their minds are too great, and their life too short, their time too precious, to be so engrossed; but they are born to be just, equitable, and prudent, in all their thoughts, their actions, their business; to these things they ought especially to train and discipline themselves."

So, young friends, bring *Brains* to your work, and mix everything with them, and them with everything. *Arma virumque*, tools and a man to use them. Stir up, direct, and give free scope to Sir Joshua's "that," and try again, and again;

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and look, *oculo intento, acie acerrimâ.* Looking is a voluntary act,—it is the man within coming to the window; seeing is a state,—passive and receptive, and, at the best, little more than registrative.

Since writing the above, we have read with great satisfaction Dr. Forbes' Lecture delivered before the Chichester Literary Society and Mechanics' Institute, and published at their request. Its subject is, Happiness in its relation to Work and Knowledge. It is worthy of its author, and is, we think, more largely and finely imbued with his personal character, than any one other of his works that we have met with. We could not wish a fitter present for a young man starting on the game of life. It is a wise, cheerful, manly, and warm-hearted discourse on the words of Bacon,—"He that is wise, let him pursue some desire or other: for he that doth not affect some one thing in chief, unto him all things are distasteful and tedious." We will not spoil this little volume by giving any account of it. Let our readers get it, and read it. The extracts from his Thesis, *De Mentis Exercitatione et Felicitate exinde derivandâ*, are very curious—showing the native vigour and bent of his mind, and indicating also, at once the identity and the growth of his thoughts during the lapse of thirty-three years.

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We give the last paragraph, the sense and the filial affection of which are alike admirable. Having mentioned to his hearers that they saw in himself a living illustration of the truth of his position, that happiness is a necessary result of knowledge and work, he thus concludes:—

"If you would further desire to know to what besides I am chiefly indebted for so enviable a lot, I would say:—1st, Because I had the good fortune to come into the world with a healthful frame, and with a sanguine temperament. 2d, Because I had no patrimony, and was therefore obliged to trust to my own exertions for a livelihood. 3d, Because I was born in a land where instruction is greatly prized and readily accessible. 4th, Because I was brought up to a profession which not only compelled mental exercise, but supplied for its use materials of the most delightful and varied kind. *And lastly and principally, because the good man to whom I owe my existence, had the foresight to know what would be best for his children. He had the wisdom, and the courage, and the exceeding love, to bestow all that could be spared of his worldly means, to purchase for his sons, that which is beyond price,* EDUCATION; well judging that the means so expended, if hoarded for future use, would be, if not valueless, certainly evanescent,

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while the precious treasure for which they were exchanged, a cultivated and instructed mind, would not only last through life, but might be the fruitful source of treasures far more precious than itself. So equipped he sent them forth into the world to fight Life's battle, leaving the issue in the hand of God; confident, however, that though they might fail to achieve renown or to conquer Fortune, they possessed *that* which, if rightly used, could win for them the yet higher prize of HAPPINESS."

Since this was written, many good books have appeared, but we would select three, which all young men should read and get—Hartley Coleridge's *Lives of Northern Worthies*, Thackeray's *Letters of Brown the Elder*, and *Tom Brown's School-days*—in spirit and in expression, we don't know any better models for manly courage, good sense, and feeling, and they are as well written as they are thought.

There are the works of another man, one of the greatest, not only of our, but of any time, to which we cannot too earnestly draw our young readers. We mean the philosophical writings of Sir William Hamilton. We know no more invigorating, quickening, rectifying kind of exercise, than reading with a will, anything he has

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written upon permanently important subjects. There is a greatness and simplicity, a closeness of thought, a glance keen and wide, a play of the entire nature, and a truthfulness and downrightness, with an amount, and accuracy, and vivification of learning, such as we know of in no one other writer, ancient or modern—not even Leibnitz; and we know no writings which so wholesomely at once exalt and humble the reader, make him feel what is in him, and what he can and may, as well as what he cannot, and need never hope to know. In this respect, Hamilton is as grand as Pascal, and more simple; he exemplifies everywhere his own sublime adaptation of Scripture—unless a man become a little child, he cannot enter into the kingdom; he enters the temple stooping, but he presses on, intrepid and alone, to the inmost *adytum*, worshipping the more the nearer he gets to the inaccessible shrine, whose veil no mortal hand has ever rent in twain. And we name after him, the thoughtful, candid, impressive little volume of his pupil, his friend, and his successor, Professor Fraser.

The following passage from Sir William Hamilton's *Dissertations*, besides its wise thought, sounds in the ear like the pathetic and majestic sadness of a symphony by Beethoven:—

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"There are two sorts of ignorance: we philosophize to escape ignorance, and the consummation of our philosophy is ignorance; we start from the one, we repose in the other; they are the goals from which, and to which, we tend; and the pursuit of knowledge is but a course between two ignorances, as human life is itself only a travelling from grave to grave.

Τίς βίος;—Ἐκ τύμβοιο θορὼν, ἐπὶ τύμβον ὀδεύω.

The highest reach of human science is the scientific recognition of human ignorance; 'Qui nescit ignorare, ignorat scire.' This 'learned ignorance' is the rational conviction by the human mind of its inability to transcend certain limits; it is the knowledge of ourselves,—the science of man. This is accomplished by a demonstration of the disproportion between what is to be known, and our faculties of knowing,—the disproportion, to wit, between the infinite and the finite. In fact, the recognition of human ignorance is not only the one highest, but the one true, knowledge; and its first-fruit, as has been said, is humility. Simple nescience is not proud; consummated science is positively humble. For this knowledge it is not, which 'puffeth up;' but its opposite, the conceit of false knowledge,—the conceit, in truth, as the

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apostle notices, of an ignorance of the very nature of knowlege,—

> 'Nam nesciens quid scire sit,
> Te scire cuncta jactitas.'

"But as our knowledge stands to Ignorance, so stands it also to Doubt. Doubt is the beginning and the end of our efforts to know; for as it is true,—'Alte dubitat qui altius credit,' so it is likewise true,—'Quo magis quærimus magis dubitamus.'

"The grand result of human wisdom is thus only a consciousness that what we know is as nothing to what we know not ('Quantum est quod nescimus!'),—an articulate confession, in fact, by our natural reason, of the truth declared in revelation, that '*now* we see through a glass, darkly.'"

His pupil writes in the same spirit and to the same end:—"A discovery, by means of reflection and mental experiment, of the *limits* of knowledge, is the highest and most universally applicable discovery of all; it is the one through which our intellectual life most strikingly blends with the moral and practical part of human nature. Progress in knowledge is often paradoxically indicated by a diminution in the *apparent bulk* of what we know. Whatever helps to work off the dregs of false opinion, and to

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purify the intellectual mass—whatever deepens our conviction of our infinite ignorance—really adds to, although it sometimes seems to diminish, the rational possessions of man. This is the highest kind of merit that is claimed for Philosophy by its earliest as well as by its latest representatives. It is by this standard that Socrates and Kant measure the chief results of their toil."

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DR. GEORGE WILSON.
HER LAST HALF-CROWN.
QUEEN MARY'S CHILD-GARDEN.
OUR DOGS.
NOTES ON ART.
"OH, I'M WAT, WAT!"
EDUCATION THROUGH THE SENSES.
ΑΓΧΙΝΟΙΑ—NEARNESS OF THE NOTΣ—PRESENCE OF MIND—'ΕΤΣΤΟΧΙΑ: HAPPY GUESSING.
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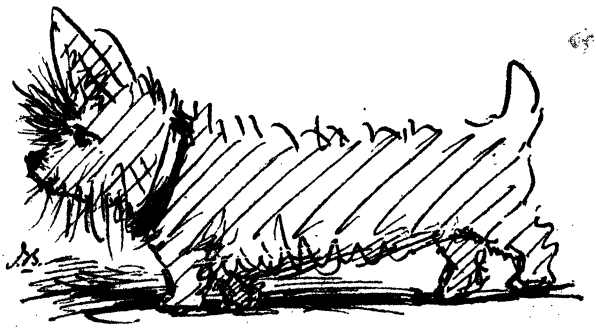

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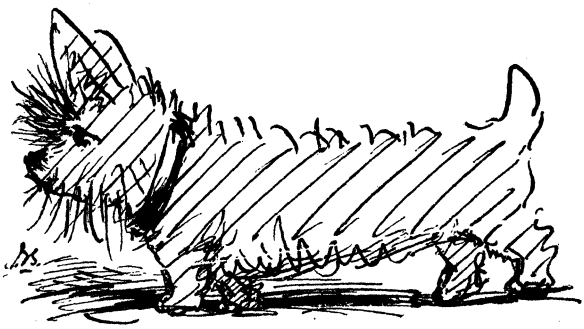

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PREFACE.

THE printer's devil—a very small and black and gentle one, whose name is Snowdon, whom I like to tease before he is off by giving him a small coin and then taking it and seeing how he looks, ending with making him haul it out of my fingers with his teeth, a great joke to us two—was asleep in the lobby, and I was trying to be pleased with the last sheet of *Our Dogs*, when the door opens and in trots a hairy little fellow, with all the gaiety and assurance proper to puppies, responsible and not. He, at one bound, for he is as springy as *Jock*, was on the table, and staring at me and then at the proof, with his head on one side, as much as to say, 'Oh! do put *me* in,—*Cur non?*' whisking off my spectacles with an ingenious jerk of his tail, which same tail I have no doubt he will soon be able to crack like a whip, so long, so plentiful, so handy it is already. Who could resist him? Recovering my spectacles and my understanding, for if not identical they are with me co-existent, I sketch him as he is now asleep at the fireside.

Knowing the pangs of bereavement and under the dread of that *ineluctabile fatum* which compels dogs and men, we have often spoken of appointing an assistant and successor to *Dick;* but we were ill to please, and we felt a delicacy as to him, for he is as compact of love and jealousy as was the Moor, or the elder *Peter* or *Fussy* or *Wasp*—to whose memory and to whose Mistresses and Master I dedicate *Our Dogs*. One day lately, however, a friend sent in a young Skye puppy for our judgment. We kept him for a day to study him, and the upshot is that we keep him still. He was so funny, so confidential, so plucky, his nose and the roof of his mouth were so black and comely, his genius for oddity, for unexpectedness so decided, his tail so glorious, that we could not let him go; and then, best of all, Dick tolerated him, adopted him, allowed him to take liberties with *his* tail that no mortal dog had ever before dared to do unbitten. Not that Dick played with him, or showed any approach to hilarity or acute interest, but he permitted himself and his dignity and his tail to be interfered with by this inveterate imp in a way that made the question of succession clear. You'll observe

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that I give him no name; this was our distress—no name would fit him. You know doubtless what one comes through in selecting a name for a dog; it is infinitely worse than doing the same by a child; if it is your seventeenth, you can fall back upon Scripture, or the Anglo-Saxons, or the cardinal virtues; but with a dog there must be what Goethe calls an elective affinity between the dog and the name. Well, we tried him for a week in vain with all sorts of compact and cordial words, till one evening after dinner, when we were sleepy and the room darkening, this young and genial ruffian was seen perched in the arm-chair. 'Peter!' we all exclaimed, and *Peter* he is—not any particular Peter, but Peter absolute. I don't know him well enough yet to speak definitely, but I incline to think well of him, he is an original, and stands on his own bottom. Dogs, like men, have generally some dominant quality; thus Toby was eminently wide-awake, though he was much else; Wylie, in the same way, was more *eident* than any one other thing; Wasp more impassioned; Jock more *daft;* Crab more deep—a very deep dog was Crab; John Pym more full o' fechtin; Puck more of a simpleton; Rab more huge (in head, in heart, and in affliction); and Dick, like another Richard, more judicious; but Peter is, in his essence and in every action—especially of his tail—which he waves aloft like a feather or banner—*ludicrous*, he can't help it, he does not mean it, he is it; he is like the great actor Liston, his mere look makes you laugh; not that you laugh at him, or in any way think lightly of his understanding; he is the cause, not the object of laughter, as many a good man and great has been before him; he is not the least of a foolish or hare-brained dog,—he is a dog of affection and *nous*. He is a dark brindle, and as plucky and procacious as Mr. Roebuck, whom I am told he resembles, but then he is young. If I survive him, which I almost hope may not be, I shall perhaps write his life, which I promise will not be so long as his tail and shorter than his temper, which, with all his boyish wilfulness, I can see is as sweet and faithful as was Jonathan's (the grandson of Kish) or Colonel Newcome's. If he survive me, I am sure of one true mourner. *Macte esto puer!*

"Man is the god of the dog," says Burns after Lord Bacon; it were well for us if we served our Master, as our dog serves his.

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OUR DOGS.

I WAS bitten severely by a little dog when with my mother at Moffat Wells, being then three years of age, and I have remained 'bitten' ever since in the matter of dogs. I remember that little dog, and can at this moment not only recal my pain and terror—I have no doubt I was to blame—but also her face; and were I allowed to search among the shades in the cynic Elysian fields, I could pick her out still. All my life I have been familiar with these faithful creatures, making friends of them, and speaking to them; and the only time I ever addressed the public, about a year after being bitten, was at the farm of Kirklaw Hill, near Biggar, when the text, given out from an empty cart in which the ploughmen had placed me, was 'Jacob's dog,' and my entire sermon was as follows: 'Some say that Jacob had a black dog (the *o* very long), and some say that Jacob had a white dog, but *I* (imagine the presumption of four years!) say Jacob had a brown dog, and a brown dog it shall be.'

I had many intimacies from this time onwards—Bawtie, of the inn; Keeper, the carrier's bull-terrier;

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Tiger, a huge tawny mastiff from Edinburgh, which I think must have been an uncle of Rab's; all the sheep dogs at Callands—Spring, Mavis, Yarrow, Swallow, Cheviot, etc.; but it was not till I was at college, and my brother at the High School, that we possessed a dog.

TOBY

Was the most utterly shabby, vulgar, mean-looking cur I ever beheld: in one word, *a tyke*. He had not one good feature except his teeth and eyes, and his bark, if that can be called a feature. He was not ugly enough to be interesting; his colour black and white, his shape leggy and clumsy; altogether what Sydney Smith would have called an extraordinarily ordinary dog: and, as I have said, not even greatly ugly, or, as the Aberdonians have it, *bonnie wi' ill-fauredness*. My brother William found him the centre of attraction to a multitude of small blackguards who were drowning him slowly in Lochend Loch, doing their best to lengthen out the process, and secure the greatest amount of fun with the nearest approach to death. Even then Toby showed his great intellect by pretending to be dead, and thus gaining time and an inspiration. William bought him for twopence, and as he had it not, the boys accompanied him to Pilrig Street, when I happened to meet him, and giving the twopence to the biggest

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boy, had the satisfaction of seeing a general engagement of much severity, during which the twopence disappeared; one penny going off with a very small and swift boy, and the other vanishing hopelessly into the grating of a drain.

Toby was for weeks in the house unbeknown to any one but ourselves two and the cook, and from my grandmother's love of tidiness and hatred of dogs and of dirt, I believe she would have expelled 'him whom we saved from drowning,' had not he, in his straightforward way, walked into my father's bedroom one night when he was bathing his feet, and introduced himself with a wag of his tail, intimating a general willingness to be happy. My father laughed most heartily, and at last Toby, having got his way to his bare feet, and having begun to lick his soles and between his toes with his small rough tongue, my father gave such an unwonted shout of laughter, that we—grandmother, sisters, and all of us—went in. Grandmother might argue with all her energy and skill, but as surely as the pressure of Tom Jones' infantile fist upon Mr. Allworthy's forefinger undid all the arguments of his sister, so did Toby's tongue and fun prove too many for grandmother's eloquence. I somehow think Toby must have been up to all this, for I think he had a peculiar love for my father ever after, and regarded grandmother from that hour with a careful and cool eye.

Toby, when full grown, was a strong coarse dog:

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coarse in shape, in countenance, in hair, and in manner. I used to think that, according to the Pythagorean doctrine, he must have been, or been going to be, a Gilmerton carter. He was of the bull-terrier variety, coarsened through much mongrelism and a dubious and varied ancestry. His teeth were good, and he had a large skull, and a rich bark as of a dog three times his size, and a tail which I never saw equalled—indeed it was a tail *per se*; it was of immense girth and not short, equal throughout like a policeman's baton; the machinery for working it was of great power, and acted in a way, as far as I have been able to discover, quite original. We called it his ruler.

When he wished to get into the house, he first whined gently, then growled, then gave a sharp bark, and then came a resounding, mighty stroke, which shook the house; this, after much study and watching, we found was done by his bringing the entire length of his solid tail flat upon the door, with a sudden and vigorous stroke; it was quite a *tour de force* or a *coup de queue*, and he was perfect in it at once, his first *bang* authoritative, having been as masterly and telling as his last.

With all this inbred vulgar air, he was a dog of great moral excellence—affectionate, faithful, honest up to his light, with an odd humour as peculiar and as strong as his tail. My father, in his reserved way, was very fond of him, and there must have

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been very funny scenes with them, for we heard bursts of laughter issuing from his study when they two were by themselves: there was something in him that took that grave, beautiful, melancholy face. One can fancy him in the midst of his books, and sacred work and thoughts, pausing and looking at the secular Toby, who was looking out for a smile to begin his rough fun, and about to end by coursing and *gurrin'* round the room, upsetting my father's books, laid out on the floor for consultation, and himself nearly at times, as he stood watching him—and off his guard and shaking with laughter. Toby had always a great desire to accompany my father up to town; this my father's good taste and sense of dignity, besides his fear of losing his friend (a vain fear!), forbade, and as the decision of character of each was great and nearly equal, it was often a drawn game. Toby, ultimately, by making it his entire object, triumphed. He usually was nowhere to be seen on my father leaving; he however saw him, and lay in wait at the head of the street, and up Leith Walk he kept him in view from the opposite side like a detective, and then, when he knew it was hopeless to hound him home, he crossed unblushingly over, and joined company, excessively rejoiced of course.

One Sunday he had gone with him to church, and left him at the vestry door. The second psalm was given out, and my father was sitting back in the

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pulpit, when the door at its back, up which he came from the vestry, was seen to move, and gently open, then, after a long pause, a black shining snout pushed its way steadily into the congregation, and was followed by Toby's entire body. He looked somewhat abashed, but snuffing his friend, he advanced as if on thin ice, and not seeing him, put his fore-legs on the pulpit, and behold there he was, his own familiar chum. I watched all this, and anything more beautiful than his look of happiness, of comfort, of entire ease when he beheld his friend—the smoothing down of the anxious ears, the swing of gladness of that mighty tail,—I don't expect soon to see. My father quietly opened the door, and Toby was at his feet and invisible to all but himself; had he sent old George Peaston, the 'minister's man,' to put him out, Toby would probably have shown his teeth and astonished George. He slunk home as soon as he could, and never repeated that exploit.

I never saw in any other dog the sudden transition from discretion, not to say abject cowardice, to blazing and permanent valour. From his earliest years he showed a general meanness of blood, inherited from many generations of starved, bekicked, and down-trodden forefathers and mothers, resulting in a condition of intense abjectness in all matters of personal fear; anybody, even a beggar, by a *growl* and a threat of eye, could send him off howling by anticipation, with that mighty tail between his legs.

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But it was not always so to be, and I had the privilege of seeing courage, reasonable, absolute, and for life, spring up in Toby at once, as did Athené from the skull of Jove. It happened thus:—

Toby was in the way of hiding his culinary bones in the small gardens before his own and the neighbouring doors. Mr. Scrymgeour, two doors off, a bulky, choleric, red-haired, red-faced man—*torvo vultu*—was, by law of contrast, a great cultivator of flowers, and he had often scowled Toby into all but non-existence by a stamp of his foot and a glare of his eye. One day his gate being open, in walks Toby with a huge bone, and making a hole where Scrymgeour had two minutes before been planting some precious slip, the name of which on paper and on a stick Toby made very light of, substituted his bone, and was engaged covering it, or thinking he was covering it up with his shovelling nose (a very odd relic of paradise in the dog), when S. spied him through the inner glass-door, and was out upon him like the Assyrian, with a terrific *gowl.* I watched them. Instantly Toby made straight at him with a roar too, and an eye more torve than Scrymgeour's, who, retreating without reserve, fell prostrate, there is reason to believe, in his own lobby. Toby contented himself by proclaiming his victory at the door, and returning finished his bone-planting at his leisure, the enemy, who had scuttled behind the glass-door, glaring at him.

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From this moment Toby was an altered dog. Pluck at first sight was lord of all; from that time dated his first tremendous deliverance of tail against the door, which we called 'come listen to my tail.' That very evening he paid a visit to Leo, next door's dog, a big, tyrannical bully and coward, which its master thought a Newfoundland, but whose pedigree we knew better; this brute continued the same system of chronic extermination which was interrupted at Lochend,—having Toby down among his feet, and threatening him with instant death two or three times a day. To him Toby paid a visit that very evening, down into his den, and walked about, as much as to say 'Come on, Macduff!' but Macduff did not come on, and henceforward there was an armed neutrality, and they merely stiffened up and made their backs rigid, pretended each not to see the other, walking solemnly round, as is the manner of dogs. Toby worked his new-found faculty thoroughly, but with discretion. He killed cats, astonished beggars, kept his own in his own garden against all comers, and came off victorious in several well-fought battles; but he was not quarrelsome or foolhardy. It was very odd how his carriage changed, holding his head up, and how much pleasanter he was at home. To my father, next to William, who was his Humane Society man, he remained stanch. He had a great dislike to all things abnormal, as the phrase now is. A young lady of his

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acquaintance was calling one day, and, relating some distressing events, she became hysterical. Of this Toby did not approve, and sallying from under my father's chair, attacked his friend, barking fiercely, and cut short the hysterics better than any *sal volatile* or valerian. He then made abject apologies to the patient, and slunk back to his chair.

And what of his end? for the misery of dogs is that they die so soon, or, as Sir Walter says, it is well they do; for if they lived as long as a Christian, and we liked them in proportion, and they then died, he said that was a thing he could not stand.

His exit was lamentable, and had a strange poetic or tragic relation to his entrance. My father was out of town; I was away in England. Whether it was that the absence of my father had relaxed his power of moral restraint, or whether through neglect of the servant he had been desperately hungry, or most likely both being true, Toby was discovered with the remains of a cold leg of mutton, on which he had made an ample meal;[1] this he was in vain endeavouring to plant as of old, in the hope of its remaining undiscovered till to-morrow's hunger returned, the whole shank-bone sticking up unmistakably. This was seen by our excellent and Rhadamanthine grandmother, who pronounced sentence on

[1] Toby was in the state of the shepherd boy whom George Webster met in Glenshee, and asked, 'My man, were you ever fou'?' 'Ay, aince'—speaking slowly, as if remembering—'Ay, aince.' 'What on?' 'Cauld mutton!'

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the instant; and next day, as William was leaving for the High School, did he in the sour morning, through an easterly *haur*, behold 'him whom he saved from drowning,' and whom, with better results than in the case of Launce and Crab, he had taught, as if one should say 'thus would I teach a dog,'—dangling by his own chain from his own lamp-post, one of his hind feet just touching the pavement, and his body preternaturally elongated.

William found him dead and warm, and falling in with the milk-boy at the head of the street, questioned him, and discovered that he was the executioner, and had got twopence, he—Toby's every morning's crony, who met him and accompanied him up the street, and licked the outside of his can—had, with an eye to speed and convenience, and a want of taste, not to say principle and affection, horrible still to think of, suspended Toby's animation beyond all hope. William instantly fell upon him, upsetting his milk and cream, and gave him a thorough licking, to his own intense relief; and, being late, he got from Pyper, who was a martinet, the customary palmies, which he bore with something approaching to pleasure. So died Toby; my father said little, but he missed and mourned his friend.

There is reason to believe that by one of those curious intertwistings of existence, the milk-boy was that one of the drowning party who got the penny of the twopence.

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WYLIE.

Our next friend was an exquisite shepherd's dog; fleet, thin-flanked, dainty, and handsome as a small greyhound, with all the grace of silky waving black and tan hair. We got her thus. Being then young and keen botanists, and full of the knowledge and love of Tweedside, having been on every hill-top from Muckle Mendic to Hundleshope and the Lee Pen, and having fished every water from Tarth to the Leithen, we discovered early in spring that young Stewart, author of an excellent book on natural history, a young man of great promise and early death, had found the *Buxbaumia aphylla*, a beautiful and odd-looking moss, west of Newbie heights, in the very month we were that moment in. We resolved to start next day. We walked to Peebles, and then up Haystoun Glen to the cottage of Adam Cairns, the aged shepherd of the Newbie hirsel, of whom we knew, and who knew of us from his daughter, Nancy Cairns, a servant with Uncle Aitken of Callands. We found our way up the burn with difficulty, as the evening was getting dark; and on getting near the cottage heard them at worship. We got in, and made ourselves known, and got a famous tea, and such cream and oat cake!—old Adam looking on us as 'clean dementit' to come out for 'a bit moss,' which, however, he knew, and with some pride said he would take us in the morning to the place. As we were

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going into a box bed for the night, two young men came in, and said they were 'gaun to burn the water.' Off we set. It was a clear, dark, starlight frosty night. They had their leisters and tar torches, and it was something worth seeing—the wild flame, the young fellows striking the fish coming to the light—how splendid they looked with the light on their scales, coming out of the darkness—the stumblings and quenchings suddenly of the lights, as the torch-bearer fell into a deep pool. We got home past midnight, and slept as we seldom sleep now. In the morning Adam, who had been long risen, and up the *Hope* with his dog, when he found we had wakened, told us there was four inches of snow, and we soon saw it was too true. So we had to go home without our cryptogamic prize.

It turned out that Adam, who was an old man and frail, and had made some money, was going at Whitsunday to leave, and live with his son in Glasgow. We had been admiring the beauty and gentleness and perfect shape of Wylie, the finest collie I ever saw, and said, 'What are you going to do with Wylie?' 'Deed,' says he, 'I hardly ken. I canna think o' selling her, though she's worth four pound, and she'll no like the toun.' I said, 'Would you let me have her?' and Adam, looking at her fondly, —she came up instantly to him, and made of him—said, 'Ay, I wull, if ye'll be gude to her;' and it was settled that when Adam left for Glasgow she should be sent into Albany Street by the carrier.

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She came, and was at once taken to all our hearts —even grandmother liked her; and though she was often pensive, as if thinking of her master and her work on the hills, she made herself at home, and behaved in all respects like a lady. When out with me, if she saw sheep in the streets or road, she got quite excited, and helped the work, and was curiously useful, the being so making her wonderfully happy. And so her little life went on, never doing wrong, always blithe and kind and beautiful. But some months after she came, there was a mystery about her: every Tuesday evening she disappeared; we tried to watch her, but in vain, she was always off by nine P.M., and was away all night, coming back next day wearied and all over mud, as if she had travelled far. She slept all next day. This went on for some months, and we could make nothing of it. Poor dear creature, she looked at us wistfully when she came in, as if she would have told us if she could, and was especially fond, though tired.

Well, one day I was walking across the Grassmarket, with Wylie at my heels, when two shepherds started, and looking at her, one said, 'That's her; that's the wonderfu' wee bitch that naebody kens.' I asked him what he meant, and he told me that for months past she had made her appearance by the first daylight at the 'buchts' or sheep-pens in the cattle-market, and worked incessantly, and to

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excellent purpose, in helping the shepherds to get their sheep and lambs in. The man said with a sort of transport, 'She's a perfect meeracle; flees about like a speerit, and never gangs wrang; wears but never grups, and beats a' oor dowgs. She's a perfect meeracle, and as soople as a maukin.' Then he related how they all knew her, and said, 'There's that wee fell yin; we'll get them in noo.' They tried to coax her to stop and be caught, but no, she was gentle, but off; and for many a day 'that wee fell yin' was spoken of by these rough fellows. She continued this amateur work till she died, which she did in peace.

It is very touching the regard the south-country shepherds have to their dogs. Professor Syme one day, many years ago, when living in Forres Street, was looking out of his window, and he saw a young shepherd striding down North Charlotte Street, as if making for his house: it was midsummer. The man had his dog with him, and Mr. Syme noticed that he followed the dog, and not it him, though he contrived to steer for the house. He came, and was ushered into his room; he wished advice about some ailment, and Mr. Syme saw that he had a bit of twine round the dog's neck, which he let drop out of his hand when he entered the room. He asked him the meaning of this, and he explained that the magistrates had issued a mad-dog proclamation, commanding all dogs to be muzzled or led on pain

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of death. 'And why do you go about as I saw you did before you came in to me?' 'Oh,' said he looking awkward, 'I didna want Birkie to ken he was tied.' Where will you find truer courtesy and finer feeling? He didn't want to hurt Birkie's feelings.

Mr. Carruthers of Inverness told me a new story of these wise sheep-dogs. A butcher from Inverness had purchased some sheep at Dingwall, and giving them in charge to his dog, left the road. The dog drove them on, till coming to a toll, the toll-wife stood before the drove, demanding her dues. The dog looked at her, and, jumping on her back, crossed his forelegs over her arms. The sheep passed through, and the dog took his place behind them, and went on his way.

RAB.

Of Rab I have little to say, indeed have little right to speak of him as one of 'our dogs;' but nobody will be sorry to hear anything of that noble fellow. Ailie, the day or two after the operation, when she was well and cheery, spoke about him, and said she would tell me fine stories when I came out, as I promised to do, to see her at Howgate. I asked her how James came to get him. She told me that one day she saw James coming down from Leadburn with the cart; he had been away west, getting eggs

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and butter, cheese and hens, for Edinburgh. She saw he was in some trouble, and on looking, there was what she thought a young calf being dragged, or, as she called it, 'haurled,' at the back of the cart. James was in front, and when he came up, very warm and very angry, she saw that there was a huge young dog tied to the cart, struggling and pulling back with all his might, and as she said, 'lookin' fearsome.' James, who was out of breath and temper, being past his time, explained to Ailie, that this 'muckle brute o' a whalp' had been worrying sheep, and terrifying everybody up at Sir George Montgomery's at Macbie Hill, and that Sir George had ordered him to be hanged, which, however, was sooner said than done, as 'the thief' showed his intentions of dying hard. James came up just as Sir George had sent for his gun; and as the dog had more than once shown a liking for him, he said he 'wad gie him a chance;' and so he tied him to his cart. Young Rab, fearing some mischief, had been entering a series of protests all the way, and nearly strangling himself to spite James and Jess, besides giving Jess more than usual to do. 'I wish I had let Sir George pit that charge into him, the thrawn brute,' said James. But Ailie had seen that in his fore-leg there was a splinter of wood, which he had likely got when objecting to be hanged, and that he was miserably lame. So she got James to leave him with her, and go straight into Edinburgh. She

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gave him water, and by her woman's wit got his lame paw under a door, so that he couldn't suddenly get at her, then with a quick firm hand she plucked out the splinter, and put in an ample meal. She went in some time after, taking no notice of him, and he came limping up, and laid his great jaws in her lap: from that moment they were 'chief,' as she said, James finding him mansuete and civil when he returned.

She said it was Rab's habit to make his appearance exactly half-an-hour before his master, trotting in full of importance, as if to say, 'He's all right, he'll be here.' One morning James came without him. He had left Edinburgh very early, and in coming near Auchindinny, at a lonely part of the road, a man sprang out on him, and demanded his money. James, who was a cool hand, said, 'Weel-a-weel, let me get it,' and stepping back, he said to Rab, 'Speak till him, my man.' In an instant Rab was standing over him, threatening strangulation if he stirred. James pushed on, leaving Rab in charge; he looked back, and saw that every attempt to rise was summarily put down. As he was telling Ailie the story, up came Rab with that great swing of his. It turned out that the robber was a Howgate lad, the worthless son of a neighbour, and Rab knowing him had let him cheaply off; the only thing, which was seen by a man from a field, was, that before letting him rise, he quenched (*pro tempore*) the fire of the eyes of

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the ruffian, by a familiar Gulliverian application of Hydraulics, which I need not further particularize. James, who did not know the way to tell an untruth, or embellish anything, told me this as what he called 'a fact *positeevely*.'

WASP

Was a dark brindled bull-terrier, as pure in blood as Cruiser or Wild Dayrell. She was brought by my brother from Otley, in the West Riding. She was very handsome, fierce, and gentle, with a small, compact, finely-shaped head, and a pair of wonderful eyes —as full of fire and of softness as Grisi's; indeed she had to my eye a curious look of that wonderful genius —at once wild and fond. It was a fine sight to see her on the prowl across Bowden Moor, now cantering with her nose down, now gathered up on the top of a dyke, and with erect ears, looking across the wild like a moss-trooper out on business, keen and fell. She could do everything it became a dog to do, from killing an otter or a pole-cat, to watching and playing with a baby, and was as docile to her master as she was surly to all else. She was not quarrelsome, but 'being in,' she would have pleased Polonius as much as in being 'ware of entrance.' She was never beaten, and she killed on the spot several of the country bullies who came out upon her when following her master in his rounds. She generally sent them off

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howling with one snap, but if this was not enough, she made an end of it.

But it was as a mother that she shone; and to see the gipsy, Hagar-like creature nursing her occasional Ishmael—playing with him, and fondling him all over, teaching his teeth to war, and with her eye and the curl of her lip daring any one but her master to touch him, was like seeing Grisi watching her darling '*Gennaro*,' who so little knew why and how much she loved him.

Once when she had three pups, one of them died. For two days and nights she gave herself up to trying to bring it to life—licking it, and turning it over and over, growling over it, and all but worrying it to awake it. She paid no attention to the living two, gave them no milk, flung them away with her teeth, and would have killed them, had they been allowed to remain with her. She was as one possessed, and neither ate, nor drank, nor slept, was heavy and miserable with her milk, and in such a state of excitement that no one could remove the dead pup.

Early on the third day she was seen to take the pup in her mouth, and start across the fields towards the Tweed, striding like a race-horse—she plunged in, holding up her burden, and at the middle of the stream dropped it, and swam swiftly ashore: then she stood and watched the little dark lump floating away, bobbing up and down with the current, and losing it at last far down, she made her way home,

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sought out the living two, devoured them with her love, carried them one by one to her lair, and gave herself up wholly to nurse them: you can fancy her mental and bodily happiness and relief when they were pulling away—and theirs.

On one occasion my brother had lent her to a woman who lived in a lonely house, and whose husband was away for a time. She was a capital watch. One day an Italian with his organ came—first begging, then demanding money—showing that he knew she was alone, and that he meant to help himself, if she didn't. She threatened to 'lowse the dowg;' but as this was Greek to him, he pushed on. She had just time to set Wasp at him. It was very short work. She had him by the throat, pulled him and his organ down with a heavy crash, the organ giving a ludicrous sort of cry of musical pain. Wasp, thinking this was from some creature within, possibly a *whittret*, left the ruffian, and set to work tooth and nail on the box. Its master slunk off, and with mingled fury and thankfulness, watched her disembowelling his only means of an honest living. The woman good-naturedly took her off, and sighed to the miscreant to make himself and his remains scarce. This he did with a scowl; and was found in the evening in the village, telling a series of lies to the watchmaker, and bribing him with a shilling to mend his pipes—'his kist o' whussels.'

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JOCK

Was insane from his birth: at first an *amabilis insania*, but ending in mischief and sudden death. He was an English terrier, fawn-coloured; his mother's name VAMP (Vampire), and his father's DEMON. He was more properly *daft* than mad; his courage, muscularity, and prodigious animal spirits making him insufferable, and never allowing one sane feature of himself any chance. No sooner was the street door open, than he was throttling the first dog passing, bringing upon himself and me endless grief. Cats he tossed up into the air, and crushed their spines as they fell. Old ladies he upset by jumping over their heads; old gentlemen by running between their legs. At home, he would think nothing of leaping through the tea-things, upsetting the urn, cream, etc., and at dinner the same sort of thing. I believe if I could have found time to thrash him sufficiently, and let him be a year older, we might have kept him; but having upset an Earl when the streets were muddy, I had to part with him. He was sent to a clergyman in the island of Westray, one of the Orkneys; and though he had a wretched voyage, and was as sick as any dog, he signalized the first moment of his arrival at the manse, by strangling an ancient monkey, or 'puggy,' the pet of the minister,—who was a

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bachelor,—and the wonder of the island. Jock henceforward took to evil courses, extracting the kidneys of the best young rams, driving whole hirsels down steep places into the sea, till at last all the guns of Westray were pointed at him, as he stood at bay under a huge rock on the shore, and blew him into space. I always regret his end, and blame myself for sparing the rod.

THE DUCHESS.

The Duchess, *alias* the Sputchard, the Dutchard, the Ricapicticapic, Oz and Oz, was a rough, gnarled, incomparable little bit of a terrier, three parts pure, and one part—chiefly in tail and hair—cocker: her father being Lord Rutherfurd's famous "Dandie," and her mother the daughter of a Skye, and a light-hearted Cocker. The Duchess is about the size and weight of a rabbit; but has a soul as big, as fierce, and as faithful as had Meg Merrilees, with a nose as black as Topsy's; and is herself every bit as game and queer as that delicious imp of darkness and of Mrs. Stowe. Her legs set her long slim body about two inches and a half from the ground, making her very like a huge caterpillar or hairy *oobit*—her two eyes, dark and full, and her shining nose, being all of her that seems anything but hair. Her tail was a sort of stump, in size and in look very much like a spare fore-leg, stuck in anywhere to be near. Her colour was black above and a rich

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brown below, with two dots of tan above the eyes, which dots are among the deepest of the mysteries of Black and Tan.

This strange little being I had known for some years, but had only possessed about a month. She and her pup (a young lady called *Smoot*, which means smolt, a young salmon), were given me by the widow of an honest and drunken—as much of the one as of the other—Edinburgh street-porter, a native of Badenoch, as a legacy from him and a fee from her for my attendance on the poor man's deathbed. But my first sight of the Duchess was years before in Broughton Street, when I saw her sitting bolt upright, begging, imploring, with those little rough fore leggies, and those yearning, beautiful eyes, all the world, or any one, to help her master, who was lying 'mortal' in the kennel. I raised him, and with the help of a ragged Samaritan, who was only less drunk than he, I got Macpherson —he held from Glen Truim—home; the excited doggie trotting off, and looking back eagerly to show us the way. I never again passed the Porters' Stand without speaking to her. After Malcolm's burial I took possession of her; she escaped to the wretched house, but as her mistress was off to Kingussie, and the door shut, she gave a pitiful howl or two, and was forthwith back at my door, with an impatient, querulous bark.

A fierier little soul never dwelt in a queerer or

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stancher body: see her huddled up, and you would think her a bundle of hair, or a bit of old mossy wood, or a slice of heathery turf, with some red soil underneath; but speak to her, or give her a cat to deal with, be it bigger than herself, and what an incarnation of affection, energy, and fury—what a fell unquenchable little ruffian! And her oddities were endless. We had and still have a dear friend,—'Cousin Susan' she is called by many who are not her cousins—a perfect lady, and, though hopelessly deaf, as gentle and contented as ever Griselda with the full use of her ears; quite as great a pet, in a word, of us all as Duchie was of ours. One day we found her mourning the death of a cat, a great playfellow of the Sputchard's, and her small grace was with us when we were condoling with her, and we saw that she looked very wistfully at Duchie. I wrote on the slate, 'Would you like her?' and she through her tears said, 'You know that would never do.' But it did do. We left Duchie that very night, and though she paid us frequent visits, she was Cousin Susan's for life. I fear indulgence dulled her moral sense. She was an immense happiness to her mistress, whose silent and lonely days she made glad with her oddity and mirth. And yet the small creature, old, toothless, and blind, domineered over her gentle friend—threatening her sometimes if she presumed to remove the small Fury from the inside of her own bed, into which it pleased her to creep. Indeed, I believe

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it is too true, though it was inferred only, that her mistress and friend spent a great part of a winter night in trying to coax her dear little ruffian out of the centre of the bed. One day the cook asked what she would have for dinner: 'I would like a mutton-chop, but then, you know, Duchie likes minced veal better!' The faithful and happy little creature died at a great age, of natural decay.

But time would fail me, and I fear patience would fail you, my reader, were I to tell you of CRAB, of JOHN PYM, of PUCK, and of the rest. CRAB, the Mugger's dog, grave, with deep-set, melancholy eyes, as of a nobleman (say the Master of Ravenswood) in disguise, large visaged, shaggy, indomitable, come of the pure Piper Allan's breed. This Piper Allan, you must know, lived some two hundred years ago in Cocquet Water, piping like Homer, from place to place, and famous not less for his dog than for his music, his news and his songs. The Earl of Northumberland, of his day, offered the piper a small farm for his dog, but after deliberating for a day, Allan said, 'Na, na, ma Lord, keep yir ferum; what wud a piper do wi' a ferum?' From this dog descended Davidson (the original Dandie Dinmont) of Hyndlee's breed, and Crab could count his kin up to him. He had a great look of the Right Honourable Edward Ellice, and had much of his energy and *wecht;* had there been a dog House of Commons, Crab would have spoken as seldom, and been as

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great a power in the house, as the formidable and faithful time-out-of-mind member for Coventry.

JOHN PYM was a smaller dog than Crab, of more fashionable blood, being a son of Mr. Somner's famous SHEM, whose father and brother are said to have been found dead in a drain into which the hounds had run a fox. It had three entrances; the father was put in at one hole, the son at another, and speedily the fox bolted out at the third, but no appearance of the little terriers, and, on digging, they were found dead, locked in each other's jaws; they had met, and it being dark, and there being no time for explanations, they had throttled each other. John was made of the same sort of stuff, and was as combative and victorious as his great namesake, and not unlike him in some of his not so creditable qualities. He must, I think, have been related to a certain dog to whom 'life was full o' sairiousness,' but in John's case the same cause produced an opposite effect. John was gay and light-hearted, even when there was not 'enuff o' fechtin,' which, however, seldom happened, there being a market every week in Melrose, and John appearing most punctually at the cross to challenge all comers, and being short-legged, he inveigled every dog into an engagement by first attacking him, and then falling down on his back, in which posture he latterly fought and won all his battles.

What can I say of PUCK—the thoroughbred—

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the simple-hearted—the purloiner of eggs warm from the hen—the flutterer of all manner of Volscians—the bandy-legged, dear, old dilapidated buffer? I got him from my brother, and only parted with him because William's stock was gone. He had to the end of life a simplicity which was quite touching. One summer day—a dog-day—when all dogs found straying were hauled away to the police-office, and killed off in twenties with strychnine, I met Puck trotting along Princes Street with a policeman, a rope round his neck, he looking up in the fatal, official, but kindly countenance in the most artless and cheerful manner, wagging his tail and trotting along. In ten minutes he would have been in the next world; for I am one of those who believe dogs *have* a next world, and why not? Puck ended his days as the best dog in Roxburghshire. *Placide quiescas!*

DICK

Still lives, and long may he live! As he was never born, possibly he may never die; be it so, he will miss us when we are gone. I could say much of him, but agree with the lively and admirable Dr. Jortin, when, in his dedication of his *Remarks on Ecclesiastical History* to the then (1752) Archbishop of Canterbury, he excuses himself for not following the modern custom of praising his Patron, by reminding his Grace 'that it was a custom amongst the ancients, *not to sacrifice to heroes till after sunset.*' I defer my sacrifice till Dick's sun is set.

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I think every family should have a dog; it is like possessing a perpetual baby; it is the plaything and crony of the whole house. It keeps them all young. All unite upon Dick. And then he tells no tales, betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions, never gets into debt, never coming down late for breakfast, or coming in by his Chubb *too early* to bed—is always ready for a bit of fun, lies in wait for it, and you may, if choleric, to your relief, kick him instead of some one else, who would not take it so meekly, and, moreover, would certainly not, as he does, ask your pardon for being kicked.

Never put a collar on your dog—it gets him stolen; give him only one meal a day, and let that, as Dame Dorothy, Sir Thomas Browne's wife, would say, be 'rayther under.' Wash him once a week, and always wash the soap out; and let him be carefully combed and brushed twice a week.

Orat, plorat et adorat.

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HER LAST HALF-CROWN.
QUEEN MARY'S CHILD-GARDEN.
OUR DOGS.
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ΑΓΧΙΝΟΙΑ—NEARNESS OF THE NOTΣ—PRESENCE OF MIND—'ETΣTOXIA: HAPPY GUESSING.
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3

A. Forster

ODDS AND ENDS.

No. 4.

THE ENTERKIN.

BY JOHN BROWN, M.D.

AUTHOR OF 'RAB AND HIS FRIENDS,' ETC.

"Here was got the gold of which King James' *bonnet pieces* were made."

EDINBURGH
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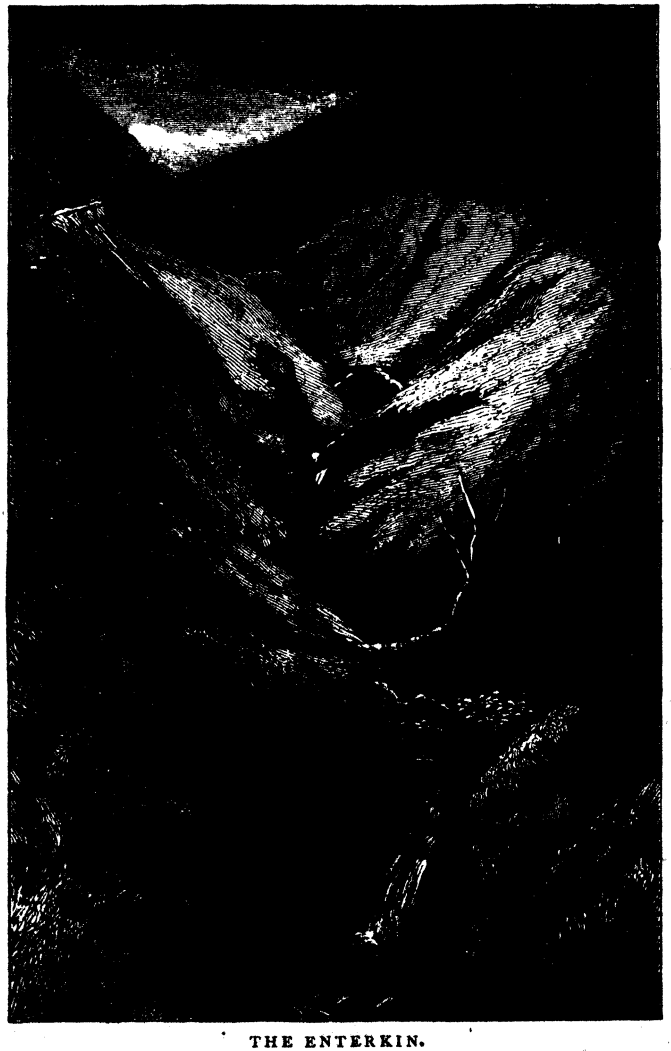

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THE ENTERKIN.

IF you have a holiday, and can trust your *aneroid* when it promises fair—if you can do twenty-one miles in seven hours, and wish, moreover, to see what you never saw before, and what you will never forget—then take six brown biscuits in your pocket, and a return ticket to *Abington*, on the Caledonian, starting at 6.20 A.M.

There is not much from Edinburgh to Abington that everybody does not know; but as you pass Kirknewton you will not be the worse of remembering that the beautiful little wooded glen—'dingle or bushy dell or bosky bourne'—on the left, into whose recesses you get a brief, surreptitious glimpse, with the young Gogar trotting cheerily through it, is the once famous 'PROCUL NEGOTIIS' of the great philosophic physician Dr. Cullen, where it was his delight to walk, and muse, and delve. You may see the maze of his walks still. It was part of his little estate of Ormiston Hill. Behind the present handsome and sensible mansion the old house may still be seen, with its magnificent outlook across the Vale of the Almond to the Ochils, and the outlying Grampians

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from Benlomond to Schehallion, and across the Firth to Benarty and the Lomonds; above its door are the words 'EST ULUBRIS,' from the well-known lines:—

> 'Cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt;
> Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
> Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. Quod petis hic est;
> Est Ulubris, animus si non deficit æquus.'

This is untranslatable, but we give its bones: 'It is clime not character they change, who run across the sea; a strenuous idleness keeps us at work; in our yachts and "drags" we seek a happy life. What you seek, is here. Even in this our Ulubræ—our own homely out-of-the-way Ormiston Hill, if we but bring with us the even mind.' It is pleasant to think of this great old Doctor, leaving his town work and books, and giving himself up to gardening—the records of which, in outlandish plants and shrubs, still remain—and to farming, testing those original speculations as to soils and manures which he expounded in his lectures on chemistry, and which were in much anticipatory of the new doctrines and practice. You may—to while away the time past Carnwath and its dreary *Lang Whang*—fancy the old Doctor, as Dr. Benjamin Rush sketches him—'tall and slender, and with a stoop in his shoulders, his face long, his under lip protruded a little beyond the upper, his nose large, and inclined to a point downwards, his eye of a blue colour, penetrating but soft, and on his whole face an air of mildness and thought'—walking in his glen, and repeating to himself or to a friend his favourite beatitude of the old usurer

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—'*Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*,' etc., or that of Politian :—

> 'Felix ille animi, divisque simillimus ipsis,
> Quem non mendaci resplendens gloria fuco
> Solicitat, non fastosi mala gaudia luxus.
> Sed tacitos sinit ire dies, et paupere cultu
> Exigit innocuæ tranquilla silentia vitæ.'

We are glad, by the bye, to learn that our College of Physicians is about to repair the tomb of this, one of their greatest fellows; it is in the old burying-ground of Kirknewton, and had fallen sadly into ruin and forgetfulness.

We are now past Carnwath, and got to that station which a shivering Cockney, who was kept waiting some hours on a windy winter night in the old shed, said was well-named *Curst airs* (Carstairs), and past Thankerton —Tancred's Town—and Symington—Symon's—and are at Abington before nine. There is Mrs. Hunter's comfortable little roadside inn, where, in the Eglinton Tournament year, the present Emperor of the French arrived one evening alone, wet, hungry, and weary, having been grouse-shooting all day on Crawford Muir. He asked for a room, but was told the only one was occupied by some young men who were surveying the Caledonian line. He sent up his card asking to be allowed to join them, and was requested to go to the place whence Mr. Kinglake seems to think His Majesty has a return ticket. He sat down by the kitchen fire, got his supper, slipped away to bed, and was off early next morning on foot.

You now take the road to Leadhills by the Glengonar Burn, which, like the river Pison in the Eden of Genesis,

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'compasses the land where there is gold.' Indeed, this region was called in olden times 'God's treasure-house in Scotland,' and the four petty burns in which the precious yellow grains were found—Glengonar, Short Cleuch, Mennock, and Wanlock—were compared to the four rivers in the Garden of the Lord—Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates! Here was got the gold of which King James's *bonnet-pieces* were made, hundreds of workmen being then employed in its search. The glittering sand is still occasionally to be found, and every now and then a miner, smit with the sacred hunger, takes to the deluding, feckless work, and seldom settles to anything again.

It is six miles of a pleasant glen road from Abington to Leadhills—a dreary, unexpected little town—which has lain great part in ruins for many years, owing to the suspension or spiritless working of the mines, during a long, baffling House of Lords lawsuit. Things are better now under the new Company, and we may soon see it as tidy and purpose-like as the Duke's neighbouring Wanlockhead. The people are thoughtful and solid, great readers and church-goers. They have a capital library. Like all natives of such forlorn, out-of-the-world places, they cannot understand how any one can be happy anywhere else; and when one of them leaves the wild, unlovely place, they accompany him with wondering pity to the outskirts of their paradise, and never cease to implore and expect his return for good.

If you have a keen eye, you will not fail to observe something you never before didn't see in a Scottish vil-

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lage. There are the usual dogs and children about the doors, but *there is not a hen to be seen!*—they would be all poisoned by the lead in the gravel they pick up.

You are now some twelve hundred feet above the sea, and as you pass the door of the good doctor—an old Peninsular surgeon, and a thoroughbred gentleman, who has returned to his birthplace, and is the honoured friend and healer of that solitary upland—you may see what is now a broken-down byre, in which the author of *The Gentle Shepherd* was born.

Take now the road to the left; the other goes to Wanlockhead and down Mennock to Sanquhar; yours leads you by the shoulder of the huge Lowthers through the Enterkin Pass to Durrisdeer and Dalveen. The road is little more than a bridle one. You ascend steadily and gently, to a great height, the high hills lying all around—not sharp and ridgy like the Highland mountains, 'curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them,' like the fierce uplifted waves of a prodigious sea—they are more like round-backed, lazy billows in the after-swell of a storm, as if tumbling about in their sleep. They have all a *sonsy*, good-humoured, *buirdly* look. As compared with Ben Lomond, our young *Jacobus* pronounced them 'slow.' This must, however, be a perilous road in snow and drift; for we passed several *cairns*, marking where some shepherd or bewildered traveller had stumbled on, blinded and sleepy, and taken his final rest.

The east side of the Lowthers is an easy ascent, and the effect of this vast expanse, stretching miles in smooth-

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est surface, when covered with new-fallen snow, is said to be wonderful; shapely and rounded like some great recumbent creature, 'white, radiant, spotless.' At this time of the year, as we saw it, covered with thick, short, tawny grass and moss, one unbroken surface to the summit of 2377 feet, it was like the short, close-grained fur of a lioness—the hills lying like her cubs, huddling round their mighty mother. On its summit the counties of Lanark and Dumfries meet, as also three lairds' lands, and here it was the custom, up to fifty years ago, to bury suicides. Any more solitary and out-of-the-world place could hardly be conceived. The bodies were brought from great distances all around, and, in accordance with the dark superstitions of the time, the unblest corpse was treated with curious indignity—no dressing with grave-clothes, no *strieking* of the pitiful limbs; the body was thrust, with the clothes it was found in, into a rude box, not even shaped like a coffin, and hurried away on some old shattered cart or sledge, with ropes for harness.

One can imagine the miserable procession as it slunk, often during night, through the villages, and past the farmsteads, every one turning from it as abhorred. Then, arrived at this high and desolate region, the horse was taken out, and the weary burden dragged with pain up to its resting-place, and carried head foremost as in despite; then a shallow hole dug, and the long, uncouth box pushed in—the cart and harness left to rot as accursed. The white human bones may sometimes be seen among the thick short grass; and one who was

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there more than fifty years ago remembers with a shudder still, coming—when crossing that hill-top—upon a small outstretched hand, as of one crying from the ground; this one little hand, with its thin fingers held up to heaven as if in an agony of supplication or despair. What a sight, seen against the spotless sky, or crossing the disc of the waning moon!

We are now nearing the famous Enterkin Pass; a few steps and you are on its edge, looking down giddy and amazed into its sudden and immense depths. We have seen many of our most remarkable glens and mountain gorges — Glencroe and Glencoe — Glen Nevis — the noblest of them all—the Sma' Glen, Wordsworth's Glen Almain (Glenalmond), where Ossian sleeps, the lower part of Glen Lyon, and many others of all kinds of sublimity and beauty; but we know nothing more noticeable, more unlike any other place, more impressive, than this short, deep, narrow, and sudden glen. There is only room for its own stream at its bottom, and the sides rise in one smooth and all but perpendicular ascent to the height, on the left, of 1895 feet, *Thirstane Hill*, and on the right, of 1875, the exquisitely moulded *Stey Gail*, or Steep Gable—so steep that it is no easy matter keeping your feet, and if you slip you might just as well go over a *bona fide* mural precipice. 'Commodore Rogers' would feel quite at home here; we all know his merits :—

'Commodore Rogers was a man—exceedingly brave—particular;
He climbed up very high rocks—exceedingly high—perpendicular;
And what made this the more inexpressible,
These same rocks were quite inaccessible.'

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This sense of personal fear has a finely idealistic effect upon the mind, makes it impressionable and soft, and greatly promotes the after-enjoyment of the visit. The aforesaid *Stey Gail* makes one dizzy to look at—such an expanse of sheer descent. If a sheep dies when on its sides it never lies still, but tumbles down into the burn; and when we were told that Grierson of Lagg once rode at full gallop along its slope after a fox, one feels it necessary to believe that either he or his horse were of Satanic lineage. No *canny* man or horse could do this and live.

After our first surprise, we were greatly struck with the likeness of the place to a picture of it by Mr. Harvey, exhibited in our Academy in 1846, and now in Mr. Campbell of Blythswood's collection. This was one of this great painter's first landscapes, and gives the spirit, the idea of the place with wonderful truth and beauty—its solemnity and loneliness, its still power, its gentle gloom, its depth and height, its unity, its sacred peace—

> 'It is not quiet, is not ease,
> But something deeper far than these,
> The separation that is here
> Is of the grave; and of austere,
> Yet happy feelings of the dead.'

We have heard that the artist, who sat alone for hours sketching, got so *eerie*, so overpowered with the loneliness and silence, that he relieved himself from time to time by loud shouts, and was glad to hear his own voice or anything. It must be a wonderful place to be alone in on a midsummer's midnight, or at its not less witching noon—

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'In such a glen as this, on such a day,
A poet might in solitude recline,
And, while the hours unheeded stole away,
Gather rich fancies in the art divine,
Great thoughts that float through Nature's silent air,
And fill the soul with hope and love and prayer.'

The glen is peculiar in being closed in, to all appearance, as much at the lower as the upper end—you feel utterly shut in and shut out. Half-way down is a wild cascade called Kelte's Linn—from Captain Kelte, one of Cláverhouse's dragoons, who was killed here.

Defoe's account of the affair and of its wild scene, in his *Memoirs of the Church of Scotland*, is so homely and to the quick, that we give it in full. It is not unworthy of Robinson Crusoe, and is unexaggerated in local description :—

'This *Entrekein* is a very steep, and dangerous Mountain; nor could such another Place have been easily found in the whole Country for their Purpose; and, had not the Dragoons been infatuated from Heaven, they would never have entered such a Pass, without well discovering the Hill above them. The Road for above a Mile goes winding, with a moderate Ascent on the side of a very high, and very steep Hill, 'till on the latter part, still ascending and the Height on the left above them being still vastly great, the Depth on their right below them makes a prodigious Precipice, descending steep and ghastly into a narrow deep Bottom, only broad enough for the Current of Water to run that descends upon hasty Rain : From this Bottom the Mountain rises instantly again steep as a Precipice on the other side of

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a stupendous Height. The passage on the side of the first Hill, by which, as I said, the Way creeps gradually up, is narrow; so that two Horsemen can but ill pass in Front: And, if any Disorder should happen to them, so as that they step but a little a-wry, they are in danger of falling down the said Precipice on their right, where there would be no stopping 'till they came to the Bottom. And the writer of this has seen, by the Accident only of a sudden Frost, which had made the way slippery, 3 or 4 Horses at a Time of Travellers or Carryers lying in that dismal Bottom, which slipping in their way, have not been able to recover themselves, but have fallen down the Precipice, and rolled to the Bottom, perhaps, tumbling 20 Times over, by which it is impossible but they must be broken to pieces, ere they come to stop.

'In this Way the Dragoons were blindly marching 2 and 2 with the Minister and 5 Countrymen, whom they had taken Prisoners, and were hauling them along to *Edinburgh;* the Front of them being near the Top of the Hill, and the rest reaching all along the steep part; when on a sudden they heard a Man's Voice calling to them from the side of the Hill on their left a great Height above them.

'It was misty, as indeed it is seldom otherwise on the Height of that Mountain; so that no Body was seen at first: But the Commanding Officer hearing some Body call, halted, and call'd aloud, *What d'ye want, and who are ye?* He had no sooner spoke, but 12 Men came in sight upon the side of the Hill above them, and the Officer call'd again, *What are ye?* and bad *Stand:* One

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of the 12 answer'd by giving the Word of Command to his Men, *Make Ready;* and then calling to the Officer, said, *Sir, Will ye deliver our Minister?* The Officer answer'd with an Oath, *No, Sir, an ye were to be damn'd.* At which the Leader of the Countrymen fir'd immediately, and aim'd so true at him, tho' the Distance was pretty great, that he shot him thro' the Head, and immediately he fell from his Horse; His Horse fluttering a little with the Fall of his Rider, fell over the Precipice, rolling to the Bottom, and was dash'd to pieces.

'The rest of the 12 Men were stooping to give Fire upon the Body; when the next Commanding Officer call'd to them to *hold their Hands*, and desir'd *a Truce.* It was apparent, that the whole Body was in a dreadful Consternation; Not a Man of them durst stir a Foot, or offer to fire a Shot. And had the 12 Men given Fire upon them, the first Volley, in all Probability, would have driven 20 of them down the side of the Mountain into that dreadful Gulph at the Bottom.

'To add to their Consternation, their 2 Scouts who rode before, gave them Notice, *That there appear'd another Body of Arm'd Countrymen at the Top of the Hill in their front;* which however was nothing but some Travellers, who, seeing Troops of Horse coming up, stood there to let them pass, the Way being too narrow to go by them: It's true, there were about 25 more of the Countrymen in Arms, tho' they had not appear'd, and they had been sufficient, if they had thought fit, to have cut this whole Body of Horse in pieces.

'But, the Officer having ask'd a *Parley*, and demanded,

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What it was they would have? they again replied again, *Deliver our Minister. Well, Sir*, says the Officer, *Ye's get your Minister, an ye will promise to forbear firing: Indeed we'll forbear*, says the good man, *We desire to hurt none of ye: But, Sir*, says he, *Belike ye have more Prisoners: Indeed have we*, says the Officer, *and ye mon deliver them all*, says the honest Man. *Well*, says the Officer, *Ye shall have them then.* Immediately the Officer calls to *Bring forward the Minister:* But the Way was so narrow and crooked he could not be brought up by a Horseman, without Danger of putting them into Disorder: So that the Officer bad them *Loose him, and let him go;* which was done: So the Minister stept up the Hill a step or two, and stood still; Then the Officer said to him, *Sir, an I let you go, I expect you promise to oblige your People to offer no Hindrance to our March.* The Minister promis'd them, *He would do so. Then go, Sir*, said he, *You owe your Life to this Damn'd Mountain. Rather, Sir*, said the Minister, *to that God that made this Mountain.* When their Minister was come to them, their Leader call'd again to the Officer, *Sir, We want yet the other Prisoners.* The Officer gave Orders to the Rear, where they were, and they were also deliver'd. Upon which the Leader began to march away, when the Officer call'd again, *But hold, Sir*, says he, *Ye promised to be satisfied if ye had your Prisoners: I expect you'll be as good as your Word. Indeed shall I*, says the Leader, *I am just marching away;* it seems he did not rightly understand the Officer. *Well, Sir, but*, says the Officer, *I expect you call off those Fellows you have posted at the*

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Head of the Way. They belong not to us, says the honest Man, *they are unarm'd People, waiting till you pass by. Say you so*, said the Officer, *Had I known that, you had not gotten your Men so cheap, or have come off so free:* Says the Countryman, *An ye are for Battle, Sir, We are ready for you still, if you think you are able for us, ye may trye your Hand; we'll quit the Truce, if you like. NO*, says the Officer, *I think ye be brave Fellows, e'en gang your Gate.*'

In his curious account of his travels in Scotland, Defoe gives a more detailed description of the glen and of his own visit to it, saying with true London *naïveté*, that the hills on each side 'are nearly as high as the Monument!'[1]

We now escaped by a secret path which we defy the uninitiated to discover—we had a mountain nymph to guide us—out of this strange, deep place, which, if it were any longer, would weigh the traveller down with its solemnity and seclusion—into Dalveen, down which flows the Carron, and the road from Edinburgh to Dum-

[1] 'From *Drumlanrig* I took a Turn to see the famous Pass of *Enterkin*, or *Introkin* Hill: It is indeed, not easy to describe; but by telling you that it ascends through a winding Bottom for near half a Mile, and a Stranger sees nothing terrible, but vast high Mountains on either Hand, tho' all green, and with Sheep feeding on them to the very Top; when, on a suddain, turning short to the left, and crossing a Rill of Water in the Bottom, you mount the Side of one of those Hills, while, as you go on, the Bottom in which that Water runs down from between the Hills, keeping its Level on your Right, begins to look very deep, till at Length it is a Precipice horrible and terrifying; on the left the Hill rises almost perpendicular, like a Wall; till being come about half Way, you have a steep, unpassable Height on the Left, and a monstrous Casm or Ditch on your Right; deep, almost, as the Monument is high,

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fries, by Biggar and Thornhill. It is an exquisite scene —great steep green hills opening and shutting the winding valley. It is well known as one of the finest and most romantic passes in the south of Scotland—it must have been something worth one's while to descend it on the box seat in the old four-horse-coach days. It is six miles from Leadhills to Lower Dalveen, and nine from that to Elvanfoot, where you must catch the train due at 4.20—most provokingly early. Any one fearing lest the twenty-one miles may be too much for his legs or his time, may shorten the walk two or more miles by going to Elvanfoot and walking up the Elvan, instead of the Glengonar Burn. If he has our sky and our willingness to be happy, he will mark the Enterkin day with a white stone.

We have said that the miners at Leadhills are a reading, a hard-reading people; and to any one looking into the catalogue of their 'Reading Society,' selected by the men themselves for their own uses and tastes, this will be manifest. We have no small gratification in holding their diploma of honorary membership—signed by the preses and clerk, and having the official seal, significant of the craft

and the Path, or Way, just broad enough for you to lead your Horse on it, and, if his Foot slips, you have nothing to do but let go the Bridle, lest he pulls you with him, and then you will have the Satisfaction of seeing him dash'd to Pieces, and lye at the Bottom with his four Shoes uppermost. I pass'd twice this Hill after this, but the Weather was good, and the Way dry, which made it safe; but one of our Company was so frighted with it, that in a Kind of an Extasy, when he got to the Bottom, he look'd back, and swore heartily that he would never come that Way again.'

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of the place—of this, we venture to say, one of the oldest and best village-libraries in the kingdom, having been founded in 1741, when the worthy miners of that day, headed by James Wells and clerked by William Wright, did, on the 23d November, 'condescend upon certain articles and laws'—as grave and thorough as if they were the constitution of a commonwealth, and as sturdily independent as if no Earl was their superior and master. 'It is hereby declared that no right is hereby given, nor shall at any time be given to the said Earl of Hopetoun, or his aforesaids, or to any person or persons whatever, of disposing of any books or other effects whatever belonging to the Society, nor of taking any concern with the Society's affairs,' etc. As an indication of the wild region and the distances travelled, one of the rules is, 'that every member not residing in Leadhills shall be provided with a bag sufficient to keep out the rain.' Here is the stiff, covenanting dignity cropping out—'Every member shall (at the annual meeting) deliver what he hath to say to the preses; and if two or more members attempt to speak at a time, the preses shall determine who shall speak first;' and 'members guilty of indecency, or unruly, obstinate behaviour' are to be punished 'by fine, suspension, or exclusion, according to the nature of the transgression.' The Westminster Divines could not have made a tighter job.

If Charles Lamb had, by any strange chance—such as dropping from a balloon, hailing from Hampstead—strayed into this reading and *howking* village, and put up at Mr. Noble's for a day or two, with his pipe (of

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peace and more, for he used to say with a sad smile between the earnest puffs, 'Other men smoke for pleasure; I (puff) smoke (puff) for my (puff) sal- (puff) va-va-vation,'[1]) well-provisioned, and a modicum of old Madeira and Hollands, and had he been driven into his inn by stress of weather and fear of the mountains (we all remember how, when visiting Southey at Keswick, he ran away from Skiddaw and the rest of the big fellows, back to 'the sweet security of streets'),—how he would have enjoyed this homely, working-man's library with its 2200 volumes! Fancy him and 'Papaverius' (De Quincey) and 'The Bookhunter' storm-stayed, all three here, and discussing over their toddy, and through their fragrant reek, its multifarious books, from Cudworth's 'Intellectual System' and Grotius 'on Christianity,' to Spurgeon's 'Gems' and Wylie's 'Seventh Vial.' Fancy *Carloagnulus* beseeching The Bookhunter to enlighten him upon the Marrow Controversy, and the Old and New Lights, and the Burghers and Antiburghers, the Glassites, Sandemanians, Cameronians, and U.P.'s; and 'Papaverius' entering curiously and delectably upon King's 'Origin of Evil,' Thomas à Kempis, or 'Aspasia Vindicated.' To hear 'Elia'[2] inquiring mildly and stam-

[1] 'When Dr. Parr,—who took only the finest tobacco, used to half fill his pipe with salt, and smoked with a philosophic calmness,—saw Lamb smoking the strongest preparation of the weed, puffing out smoke like some furious enchanter, he gently laid down his pipe and asked how he had acquired his power of smoking at such a rate? Lamb replied, "*I toiled after it, Sir, as some men toil after virtue.*"'—Talfourd's *Life of Lamb.*

[2] See note, p. 22.

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meringly at The Bookhunter, as he turned over Erskine's 'Principles of the Law of Scotland,' whether 'multiple-poinding' was a phrase which his friend Pierce Egan—historian of the prize-ring—might not advantageously adopt; and during the mixing of another tumbler, asking his opinion as to the two Histories of the *Concilium Tridentinum*, in order to edge in a small joke of Burton-upon-Trent. Then think of the three discussing, with a single dip and a blazing fire, 'Humphrey Clinker,' 'The Adventures of a Guinea,' and 'The Bravo of Bohemia.' Fancy their awe when they found upwards of 140 volumes of sermons, graduating from Butler, Sterne, Horsley, and Robert Hall, down to Drs. Dodd and Cumming. How Charles would expatiate upon 'Queen Street, a poem'—what 'on earth' it might mean and what it might not;—how curious he would be upon Clarke's 'Hundred Wonders' and 'Extracts of C. L., Esq.'—were these *his* Essays taken down in his sleep—all unbeknown to himself? Who wrote 'Juniper Jack'? and 'The Land of Sinim'? and who ever allowed 'Count Fathom' to slip into such decent company? But seriously, we have been greatly struck with the range of subjects and of authors in this homely catalogue; and it is impossible to think with anything but respect of the stout-hearted, strong-brained men who, after being in the bowels of the earth all day, sat down to wrestle with John Owen or Richard Baxter, or dream of heaven and holiness with Scougall and Leighton, or refresh themselves with Don Quixote, the Antiquary, the Fool of Quality, and Daubuisson on 'The Basalts of Saxony'—besides evis-

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cerating, with the help of Jonathan Edwards and Andrew Fuller, their own gloomy and masculine theology as mercilessly as they did the stubborn galena and quartz.

NOTE BY 'THE BOOKHUNTER' ON PAPAVERIUS.

Papaverius would have scunnered at the decent 'good book' appearance of Fisher's 'Marrow,' or Gibb's 'Display of the Secession Testimony.' To bring him round about to the manner by a learned-like congenial path, I would have put into his hands, to bring him up to the 17th century, the '*Tremulantes sivi Quakeri*,' and the *Independentes*, by means of '*Speculum Abominationum*,' and then have shipped him in the 'Histoire des Sectes Religieuses' of Bishop Grégoire, where he would have found 'Methodistes, Seceders, Burghers, Reliefs, Bereans, Glassites, Balchristes, Hutchensonians, Tunkers, Shakers, Skevi-kares, Buchanistes, Brugglerians, Mamillaires, Venchoristes,' with others equally familiar and unfamiliar, all discussed in fluent French.

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SINCE our Leadhills ploy, four of us met one September morning at Abington to breakfast, and took our way up *Camps Water* and down *Glen Breck* into Tweed. It was a grey, demure day, gentle and serious,—'caught at the point where it stops short of sadness;' the clouds well up and curdled—lying becalmed

'O'er the broad fields of heaven's bright wildernesse;'

what of sunshine there was lay on the distant hills, moving slowly, and every now and then making darker the depths of some far-off *Hope*. There is something marvellous in the silence of these upland solitudes; the burns slip away without noise; there are no trees, few birds; and it so happened that day that the sheep were nibbling elsewhere, and the shepherds all unseen. There was only 'the weird sound of its own stillness,' as we walked up the glen. It was refreshing and reassuring, after the din of the town, this out-of-the-world, unchangeable place.

We got upon the Moffat road two or three miles above Tweedsmuir Kirk; and one of us, who had not been there for three-and-thirty years—when,—taking his time,—he walked from Edinburgh to Kendal and back again,—could not but be moved at the deserted look of that old mail road—hardly a trace of wheels,—like the bed of a stream that has ceased to flow,—'the sound of a voice that is still.' Nature winning it back to herself. Fancy the glory of coming there upon the well-appointed

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Royal Mail, with the music of its team, the guard on his little seat, with its black hairy skin, his horn, and his tremendous blunderbuss. What compactness! what a unity, power, and purpose about the whole organism!. what stories we used to hear of what the driver could do, and what the guard had done.[1] How Willie Lawson snuffed a candle, and not out, with his whip at Penicuik Inn, on a 'lown' night before starting. How the guard, having in vain sounded his horn at Harestanes toll, when some disorderly coal-carts were stopping the royal way, their carters drinking, heedless inside—blew out the brains of the first horse, and got the gate cleared forthwith. And what a peremptory, 'dread' horn it was, bringing somehow *Fontarabia* into the schoolboy head.

One guard I remember well—M'George. He had been in the army, and was a gentleman—stern and not given to speak; even with his companion the driver he would let a whole day pass in silence—a handsome, firm, keen face. I remember well, too, when I had gone day after day to meet the Mail, to be taken into Edinburgh to school after my vacation among the hills, and to my rapture the Mail was full, and we came back rejoicing at the respite. 'Is she full?' asked again my grave and dear old uncle, six feet and more on his soles. 'Yes,' said M'George, with a gentle grin, and

[1] An Edinburgh clergyman, of a rare and quaint genius, was one day seen gazing at the Carlisle Mail as it came thundering down *The Bridges*. 'What are you thinking of?' said a reverend brother. 'I'm thinkin' that, next to preachin' the everlastin' gospel, I would like to drive the Mail.'

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looking me in the face; 'she's full of emptiness!' whereupon the High School boy was bundled inside, and left to his meditations. Our guard, I must say, came and looked in upon me at each stage, comforting me greatly with some jargonelle pears, the smell and relish of which I can feel now. I fell asleep, of course, and when we stopped at the Black Bull, found myself snug in the potentate's great-coat. All this impressed me the more, when I heard of his death many years after. It was a snow-storm—a night of wild drift—in mid-winter: nothing like it for years. The Mail from Dumfries was late, and the townspeople of Moffat had gathered at Mrs. Cranstoun's inn waiting for it. Up it came. They crowded round M'George, entreating him not to proceed—'At Tweedshaws it'll be awful.' But he put them aside. 'They' (meaning the Post-Office authorities) 'blamed me once; they'll never blame me again.' And, saddling the two strongest horses, he and the driver mounted and took their way into the night, stumbling dumbly up the street. The driver returned, having, at the *Beef-stand*,—a wild hollow in the hills,—five miles out of Moffat, given it up in despair, and in time; M'George plunging on, and not to be spoken to. The riderless horse came back at midnight. Next morning at daybreak—the wind hushed, the whole country silent and white—a shepherd saw on the heights at Tweedshaws something bright like a flame. He made his way to it—it was the morning sun shining on the brass-plate of the post-bags, hung up on a bit of paling—we have seen the very stake—and out of the

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snow stretched a hand, as if pointing to the bags: M'George dead, and as the shepherd said, 'wi' a kind o' a pleesure on his face.'

> 'Stern daughter of the voice of God,
> We know not anything so fair
> As is the smile upon thy face.'[1]

From Tweedsmuir we walked by the Bield, the old inn, where the Moffat carriers baited or slept; and could not help recalling a story worthy of *Humphrey Clinker*. Campbell the poet, in his young days, had walked out thus far, and had got snug into bed after his tumbler of toddy, when there was a knock at the door. 'Come in;' and behold, with a candle in her hand, stood the pretty maiden—who had given him his supper—in her short-gown and petticoat. 'Please, sir, could ye tak' a neebor into yer bed?' 'With all my heart,' said the imaginative, susceptible poet, starting gaily up. 'Thank ye, sir, for the Moffat carrier's just come in a' wat, and there's no a single ither place.' Up came the huge and reeking man; exit the dainty little woman.

There, on the river side, is where once was *Linkumdoddie*, where *Willie Wastle* dwelt. There is the *Logan Water*, which, with superb exaggeration, the poet says, Willie's wife's face 'wad file.'

There is Mossfennan 'yett,' where 'lichtit doon' the lovers of the Lass of the Logan-lea. This ballad, which is still remembered as being sung entire, is gone, we fear irrecoverably, all but a few broken stanzas, for which we have to thank Miss Watson, who, in her *By-gone Days*

[1] Wordsworth's *Ode to Deity.*

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in our Village, has so well described the old-world life of this pastoral region :—

'Some say that I lo'e young Polmood,
An' some say he lo'es na me ;
But I think I'm a match for the best o' his blude,
Though I had never a ewe on the Logan-lea.

'For wooers I've had braw young men,
Booted and spurr'd as ye may see,
A' lichtin at Mossfennan yett,
Doon by the side o' the Logan-lea.

'Three cam east, and three cam west,
An' three cam out frae the north countrie,
The lave cam a' frae Moffat-side,
An' lichtit at the Logan-lea.

'John Paterson comes frae Holms-water head,
An' he did come to visit me,
An' he cam in by the Mere-cleugh head,
Wi' his spotted hounds and spaniels three.

'Graham o' Slipperfield, on his grey mere,
Charlie, an' his pistols clear,
Young Polmood, wi' his hounds three,
Will ne'er heir a ewe on the Logan-lea.'

We closed our *Minchmoor* with *The Bush aboon Traquair*, — we close *The Enterkin* with the *Cry from Craigellachie*, which our companion the author recited with impassioned cadence, as we walked down Tweed to Broughton. After much urgency, we got him to put it in the *Scotsman*, from which we now take it.

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May we not enjoy its fervour and beauty, and at the same time rejoice that the cottagers at Kingussie are getting their oatmeal and coals one-half cheaper, since the iron horse took his way down Badenoch?

A CRY FROM CRAIGELLACHIE.

(*Written after travelling for the first time to Inverness by the Highland Railway last August.*)

LAND of Bens, and Glens, and Corries,
Headlong rivers, ocean-floods!
Have we lived to see this outrage
On your haughty solitudes?

Yea! there burst invaders stronger,
On the mountain-barrier'd land,
Than the Ironsides of Cromwell,
Or the bloody Cumberland!

Spanning Tay and curbing Tummel,
Hewing with rude mattocks down
Killiecrankie's birchen chasm,—
What reck they of old renown!

Cherish'd names! how disenchanted!
Hark the railway porter roar,
Ho! Blair-Athole! Dalnaspidal!
Ho! Dalwhinnie! Aviemore!

Garry, cribb'd with mound and rampart,
Up his chafing bed we sweep,
Scare from his lone lochan-cradle
The charmed immemorial sleep.

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Grisly, storm-resounding Badenoch,
With grey boulders scatter'd o'er,
And cairns of forgotten battles,
Is a wilderness no more.

Ha! we start the ancient silence,
Thundering down the long incline
Over Spey and Rothiemurchus'
Forests of primæval pine.

Boar of Badenoch! Sow of Athole!
Hill by hill behind us cast;
Rock, and craig, and moorland reeling—
Scarce Craigellachie stands fast.[1]

Dark Glen More and clov'n Glen Feshie,
Loud along these desolate tracts,
Hear the shriek of whistle louder
Than their headlong cataracts.

Strange to them the train—but stranger
The mixed throng it huddles forth—
Strand and Piccadilly emptied
On the much-enduring North.

Cockneys, Frenchmen, swells, and tourists,
Motley-garb'd and garish crew!
Belted pouches, knickerbockers,
Silken hose and patent shoe.

While from carriage-window gazing,
Eye-glass'd damsels, yawning, drawl,

[1] 'Stand fast Craigellachie,' is the war-cry of the Clan Grant.

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'Strange these names of yours—Braeriach,
Ben-Mac-Dhui, Cairntoul.'

What to them are birk-tree fragrance,
Pine-wood scents, bog-myrtle balm!
What the burns down corries sounding,
Or the solemn mountain calm!

Point not them to Loch-an-Eilan,
Lochindorbh's grim island hold;
Tell them not wild tales of Comyn,
Or the Badenoch Wolf of old.

O Cairngorum! O Braeriach!
Roll ye blinding swathes of cloud
Down your crags, that these insult not
Your majestic foreheads proud.

On, still on—let drear Culloden
For clan-slogans hear this scream,—
Shake the woods by Beauly river,
Startle beauty-haunted Dhruim.

Northward still the iron horses,
Naught may stay their destined path,
Till their snort, by Pentland surges,
Stun the cliffs of far Cape Wrath.

Must then pass, quite disappearing
From their glens, the ancient Gael?
In and in must Saxon struggle?
Southron, Cockney more prevail?

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Clans long gone, and pibrochs going,
Shall the patriarchal tongue
From these mountains fade for ever,
With its names and memories hung?

Oh! you say, it little recketh,—
Let the ancient manners go,
Heaven will work, through their destroying,
Some end greater than you know!

Be it so! but will Invention,
With her smooth mechanic arts,
Raise, when gone, the old Highland warriors,
Bring again warm Highland hearts?

Nay! whate'er of good they herald,
Whereso comes that hideous roar,
The old charm is disenchanted,
The old Highlands are no more!

Yet, I know, there lie, all lonely,
Still to feed thought's loftiest mood,
Countless glens, undesecrated,
Many an awful solitude!

Many a burn, in unknown corries,
Down dark linns the white foam flings,
Fringed with ruddy-berried rowans,
Fed from everlasting springs.

Still there sleep unnumber'd lochans,
Craig-begirt 'mid deserts dumb,

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Where no human road yet travels,
  Never tourist's foot hath come!

Many a Scuir, like bald sea-eagle,
  Hoary-scalp'd with boulder piles,
Stands against the sunset, eyeing
  Ocean and the outmost Isles.

If e'en these should fail, I'll get me
  To some rock roar'd round by seas,
There to drink calm nature's freedom,
  Till they bridge the Hebrides!

SHLIABHAIR.
(*Anglicè*, Mountaineer).

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To my TWO FRIENDS

at Busby, Renfrewshire,

In Remembrance of a Journey from Carstairs Junction
to Toledo and back.

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RAB AND HIS FRIENDS.

FOUR-AND-THIRTY years ago, Bob Ainslie and I were coming up Infirmary Street from the High School, our heads together, and our arms intertwisted, as only lovers and boys know how, or why.

When we got to the top of the street, and turned north, we espied a crowd at the Tron Church. "A dog-fight!" shouted Bob, and was off; and so was I, both of us all but praying that it might not be over before we got up! And is not this boy-nature? and human nature too? and don't we all wish a house on fire not to be out before we see it? Dogs like fighting; old Isaac says they "delight" in it, and for the best of all reasons; and boys are not cruel because they like to see the fight. They see three of the great cardinal virtues of dog or man—courage, endurance, and skill—in

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intense action. This is very different from a love of making dogs fight, and enjoying, and aggravating, and making gain by their pluck. A boy—be he ever so fond himself of fighting, if he be a good boy, hates and despises all this, but he would have run off with Bob and me fast enough: it is a natural, and a not wicked interest, that all boys and men have in witnessing intense energy in action.

Does any curious and finely-ignorant woman wish to know how Bob's eye at a glance announced a dog-fight to his brain? He did not, he could not see the dogs fighting; it was a flash of an inference, a rapid induction. The crowd round a couple of dogs fighting, is a crowd masculine mainly, with an occasional active, compassionate woman, fluttering wildly round the outside, and using her tongue and her hands freely upon the men, as so many "brutes;" it is a crowd annular, compact, and mobile; a crowd centripetal, having its eyes and its heads all bent downwards and inwards, to one common focus.

Well, Bob and I are up, and find it is not over: a small thoroughbred, white bull-terrier, is busy throttling a large shepherd's dog, unac-

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customed to war, but not to be trifled with. They are hard at it; the scientific little fellow doing his work in great style, his pastoral enemy fighting wildly, but with the sharpest of teeth and a great courage. Science and breeding, however, soon had their own; the Game Chicken, as the premature Bob called him, working his way up, took his final grip of poor Yarrow's throat,—and he lay gasping and done for. His master, a brown, handsome, big young shepherd from Tweedsmuir, would have liked to have knocked down any man, would "drink up Esil, or eat a crocodile," for that part, if he had a chance: it was no use kicking the little dog; that would only make him hold the closer. Many were the means shouted out in mouthfuls, of the best possible ways of ending it. "Water!" but there was none near, and many cried for it who might have got it from the well at Blackfriars Wynd. "Bite the tail!" and a large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged man, more desirous than wise, with some struggle got the bushy end of *Yarrow's* tail into his ample mouth, and bit it with all his might. This was more than enough for the much-enduring, much-perspiring shepherd, who, with

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a gleam of joy over his broad visage, delivered a terrific facer upon our large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged friend,—who went down like a shot.

Still the Chicken holds; death not far off. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" observed a calm, highly-dressed young buck, with an eye-glass in his eye. "Snuff, indeed!" growled the angry crowd, affronted and glaring. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" again observes the buck, but with more urgency; whereon were produced several open boxes, and from a mull which may have been at Culloden, he took a pinch, knelt down, and presented it to the nose of the Chicken. The laws of physiology and of snuff take their course; the Chicken sneezes, and Yarrow is free!

The young pastoral giant stalks off with Yarrow in his arms,—comforting him.

But the Bull Terrier's blood is up, and his soul unsatisfied; he grips the first dog he meets, and discovering she is not a dog, in Homeric phrase, he makes a brief sort of *amende*, and is off. The boys, with Bob and me at their head, are after him: down Niddry Street he goes, bent on mischief; up the Cowgate like an

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arrow—Bob and I, and our small men, panting behind.

There, under the single arch of the South Bridge, is a huge mastiff, sauntering down the middle of the causeway, as if with his hands in his pockets: he is old, grey, brindled, as big as a little Highland bull, and has the Shaksperian dewlaps shaking as he goes.

The Chicken makes straight at him, and fastens on his throat. To our astonishment, the great creature does nothing but stand still, hold himself up, and roar—yes, roar; a long, serious, remonstrative roar. How is this? Bob and I are up to them. *He is muzzled!* The bailies had proclaimed a general muzzling, and his master, studying strength and economy mainly, had encompassed his huge jaws in a home-made apparatus, constructed out of the leather of some ancient *breechin*. His mouth was open as far as it could; his lips curled up in rage—a sort of terrible grin; his teeth gleaming, ready, from out the darkness; the strap across his mouth tense as a bowstring; his whole frame stiff with indignation and surprise; his roar asking us all round, "Did you ever see the like of this?" He looked a statue of anger and astonishment, done in Aberdeen granite.

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We soon had a crowd: the Chicken held on. "A knife!" cried Bob; and a cobbler gave him his knife: you know the kind of knife, worn away obliquely to a point, and always keen. I put its edge to the tense leather; it ran before it; and then!—one sudden jerk of that enormous head, a sort of dirty mist about his mouth, no noise,—and the bright and fierce little fellow is dropped, limp, and dead. A solemn pause: this was more than any of us had bargained for. I turned the little fellow over, and saw he was quite dead: the mastiff had taken him by the small of the back like a rat, and broken it.

He looked down at his victim appeased, ashamed, and amazed; snuffed him all over, stared at him, and taking a sudden thought, turned round and trotted off. Bob took the dead dog up, and said, "John, we'll bury him after tea." "Yes," said I, and was off after the mastiff. He made up the Cowgate at a rapid swing; he had forgotten some engagement. He turned up the Candlemaker Row, and stopped at the Harrow Inn.

There was a carrier's cart ready to start, and a keen, thin, impatient, black-a-vised little man,

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his hand at his grey horse's head, looking about angrily for something. "Rab, ye thief!" said he, aiming a kick at my great friend, who drew cringing up, and avoiding the heavy shoe with more agility than dignity, and watching his master's eye, slunk dismayed under the cart,—his ears down, and as much as he had of tail down too.

What a man this must be—thought I—to whom my tremendous hero turns tail! The carrier saw the muzzle hanging, cut and useless, from his neck, and I eagerly told him the story, which Bob and I always thought, and still think, Homer, or King David, or Sir Walter, alone were worthy to rehearse. The severe little man was mitigated, and condescended to say, "Rab, ma man, puir Rabbie,"—whereupon the stump of a tail rose up, the ears were cocked, the eyes filled, and were comforted; the two friends were reconciled. "Hupp!" and a stroke of the whip were given to Jess; and off went the three.

Bob and I buried the Game Chicken that night (we had not much of a tea) in the back-green of his house, in Melville Street, No. 17,

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with considerable gravity and silence; and being at the time in the Iliad, and, like all boys, Trojans, we called him Hector of course.

SIX years have passed,—a long time for a boy and a dog: Bob Ainslie is off to the wars; I am a medical student, and clerk at Minto House Hospital.

Rab I saw almost every week, on the Wednesday; and we had much pleasant intimacy. I found the way to his heart by frequent scratching of his huge head, and an occasional bone. When I did not notice him he would plant himself straight before me, and stand wagging that bud of a tail, and looking up, with his head a little to the one side. His master I occasionally saw; he used to call me "Maister John," but was laconic as any Spartan.

One fine October afternoon, I was leaving the hospital, when I saw the large gate open, and in walked Rab, with that great and easy

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saunter of his. He looked as if taking general possession of the place; like the Duke of Wellington entering a subdued city, satiated with victory and peace. After him came Jess, now white from age, with her cart; and in it a woman, carefully wrapped up,—the carrier leading the horse anxiously, and looking back. When he saw me, James (for his name was James Noble) made a curt and grotesque "boo," and said, "Maister John, this is the mistress; she's got a trouble in her breest—some kind o' an income we're thinkin'."

By this time I saw the woman's face; she was sitting on a sack filled with straw, her husband's plaid round her, and his big-coat, with its large white metal buttons, over her feet.

I never saw a more unforgetable face—pale, serious, *lonely*,[1] delicate, sweet, without being at all what we call fine. She looked sixty, and had on a mutch, white as snow, with its black ribbon; her silvery, smooth hair setting off her dark-grey eyes—eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering,

[1] It is not easy giving this look by one word; it was expressive of her being so much of her life alone.

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full also of the overcoming of it: her eyebrows black and delicate, and her mouth firm, patient, and contented, which few mouths ever are.

As I have said, I never saw a more beautiful countenance, or one more subdued to settled quiet. "Ailie," said James, "this is Maister John, the young doctor; Rab's freend, ye ken. We often speak aboot you, doctor." She smiled, and made a movement, but said nothing; and prepared to come down, putting her plaid aside and rising. Had Solomon, in all his glory, been handing down the Queen of Sheba at his palace gate, he could not have done it more daintily, more tenderly, more like a gentleman, than did James the Howgate carrier, when he lifted down Ailie his wife. The contrast of his small, swarthy, weather-beaten, keen, worldly face to hers—pale, subdued, and beautiful—was something wonderful. Rab looked on concerned and puzzled, but ready for anything that might turn up,—were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me. Ailie and he seemed great friends.

"As I was sayin', she's got a kind o' trouble in her breest, doctor; wull ye tak' a look at

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it?" We walked into the consulting-room, all four; Rab grim and comic, willing to be happy and confidential if cause could be shown, willing also to be the reverse, on the same terms. Ailie sat down, undid her open gown and her lawn handkerchief round her neck, and, without a word, showed me her right breast. I looked at and examined it carefully,—she and James watching me, and Rab eyeing all three. What could I say? there it was, that had once been so soft, so shapely, so white, so gracious and bountiful, so "full of all blessed conditions,"—hard as a stone, a centre of horrid pain, making that pale face, with its grey, lucid, reasonable eyes, and its sweet resolved mouth, express the full measure of suffering overcome. Why was that gentle, modest, sweet woman, clean and loveable, condemned by God to bear such a burden?

I got her away to bed. "May Rab and me bide?" said James. "*You* may; and Rab, if he will behave himself." "I'se warrant he's do that, doctor;" and in slunk the faithful beast. I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now. He belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brindled, and grey like

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Rubislaw granite; his hair short, hard, and close, like a lion's; his body thick set, like a little bull—a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have been ninety pounds' weight, at the least; he had a large blunt head; his muzzle black as night, his mouth blacker than any night, a tooth or two—being all he had—gleaming out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out, one ear cropped as close as was Archbishop Leighton's father's; the remaining eye had the power of two; and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was for ever unfurling itself, like an old flag; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long—the mobility, the instantaneousness of that bud were very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear and it, were of the oddest and swiftest.

Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty

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in his own line as Julius Cæsar or the Duke of Wellington, and had the gravity[1] of all great fighters.

You must have often observed the likeness of certain men to certain animals, and of certain dogs to men. Now, I never looked at Rab without thinking of the great Baptist preacher, Andrew Fuller.[2] The same large, heavy, menacing, combative, sombre, honest countenance, the same deep inevitable eye, the same

[1] A Highland game-keeper, when asked why a certain terrier, of singular pluck, was so much more solemn than the other dogs, said, "Oh, Sir, life's full o' sairiousness to him—he just never can get enuff o' fechtin'."

[2] Fuller was, in early life, when a farmer lad at Soham, famous as a boxer; not quarrelsome, but not without "the stern delight" a man of strength and courage feels in their exercise. Dr. Charles Stewart, of Dunearn, whose rare gifts and graces as a physician, a divine, a scholar, and a gentleman, live only in the memory of those few who knew and survive him, liked to tell how Mr. Fuller used to say, that when he was in the pulpit, and saw a *buirdly* man come along the passage, he would instinctively draw himself up, measure his imaginary antagonist, and forecast how he would deal with him, his hands meanwhile condensing into fists, and tending to "square." He must have been a hard hitter if he boxed as he preached—what "The Fancy" would call "an ugly customer."

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look,—as of thunder asleep, but ready,—neither a dog nor a man to be trifled with.

Next day, my master, the surgeon, examined Ailie. There was no doubt it must kill her, and soon. It could be removed—it might never return—it would give her speedy relief—she should have it done. She curtsied, looked at James, and said, "When?" "To-morrow," said the kind surgeon—a man of few words. She and James and Rab and I retired. I noticed that he and she spoke little, but seemed to anticipate everything in each other. The following day, at noon, the students came in, hurrying up the great stair. At the first landing-place, on a small well-known black board, was a bit of paper fastened by wafers, and many remains of old wafers beside it. On the paper were the words,—"An operation to-day. J. B. *Clerk.*"

Up ran the youths, eager to secure good places: in they crowded, full of interest and talk. "What's the case?" "Which side is it?"

Don't think them heartless; they are neither better nor worse than you or I: they get over their professional horrors, and into their proper work; and in them pity—as an *emotion*, ending

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in itself or at best in tears and a long-drawn breath, lessens, while pity as a *motive*, is quickened, and gains power and purpose. It is well for poor human nature that it is so.

The operating theatre is crowded; much talk and fun, and all the cordiality and stir of youth. The surgeon with his staff of assistants is there. In comes Ailie: one look at her quiets and abates the eager students. That beautiful old woman is too much for them; they sit down, and are dumb, and gaze at her. These rough boys feel the power of her presence. She walks in quickly, but without haste; dressed in her mutch, her neckerchief, her white dimity short-gown, her black bombazeen petticoat, showing her white worsted stockings and her carpet-shoes. Behind her was James with Rab. James sat down in the distance, and took that huge and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous; for ever cocking his ear and dropping it as fast.

Ailie stepped up on a seat, and laid herself on the table, as her friend the surgeon told her; arranged herself, gave a rapid look at James, shut her eyes, rested herself on me, and took my hand. The operation was at once begun; it was necessarily slow; and chloroform—one of

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God's best gifts to his suffering children—was then unknown. The surgeon did his work. The pale face showed its pain, but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something strange was going on,—blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up, and importunate; he growled and gave now and then a sharp impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a *glower* from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick;—all the better for James, it kept his eye and his mind off Ailie.

It is over: she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James; then, turning to the surgeon and the students, she curtsies,—and in a low, clear voice, begs their pardon if she has behaved ill. The students—all of us—wept like children; the surgeon happed her up carefully,—and, resting on James and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following. We put her to bed. James took off his heavy shoes, crammed with tackets, heel-capt and toe-capt, and put them carefully under the table, saying, "Maister John, I'm for nane o' yer strynge nurse bodies for Ailie. I'll be her

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nurse, and I'll gang aboot on my stockin' soles as canny as pussy." And so he did; and handy and clever, and swift and tender as any woman, was that horny-handed, snell, peremptory little man. Everything she got he gave her: he seldom slept; and often I saw his small shrewd eyes out of the darkness, fixed on her. As before, they spoke little.

Rab behaved well, never moving, showing us how meek and gentle he could be, and occasionally, in his sleep, letting us know that he was demolishing some adversary. He took a walk with me every day, generally to the Candlemaker Row; but he was sombre and mild; declined doing battle, though some fit cases offered, and indeed submitted to sundry indignities; and was always very ready to turn, and came faster back, and trotted up the stair with much lightness, and went straight to that door.

Jess, the mare, had been sent, with her weather-worn cart, to Howgate, and had doubtless her own dim and placid meditations and confusions, on the absence of her master and Rab, and her unnatural freedom from the road and her cart.

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For some days Ailie did well. The wound healed "by the first intention;" for as James said, "Oor Ailie's skin 's ower clean to beil." The students came in quiet and anxious, and surrounded her bed. She said she liked to see their young, honest faces. The surgeon dressed her, and spoke to her in his own short kind way, pitying her through his eyes, Rab and James outside the circle,—Rab being now reconciled, and even cordial, and having made up his mind that as yet nobody required worrying, but, as you may suppose, *semper paratus*.

So far well: but, four days after the operation, my patient had a sudden and long shivering, a "groosin'," as she called it. I saw her soon after; her eyes were too bright, her cheek coloured; she was restless, and ashamed of being so; the balance was lost; mischief had begun. On looking at the wound, a blush of red told the secret: her pulse was rapid, her breathing anxious and quick, she wasn't herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness. We tried what we could. James did everything, was everywhere; never in the way, never out of it; Rab subsided under the table into a dark place, and was motionless, all but his eye, which fol-

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lowed every one. Ailie got worse; began to wander in her mind, gently; was more demonstrative in her ways to James, rapid in her questions, and sharp at times. He was vexed, and said, "She was never that way afore; no, never." For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon—the dear, gentle old woman: then delirium set in strong, without pause. Her brain gave way, and then came that terrible spectacle,

> "The intellectual power, through words and things,
> Went sounding on its dim and perilous way;"

she sang bits of old songs and Psalms, stopping suddenly, mingling the Psalms of David, and the diviner words of his Son and Lord, with homely odds and ends and scraps of ballads.

Nothing more touching, or in a sense more strangely beautiful, did I ever witness. Her tremulous, rapid, affectionate, eager, Scotch voice,—the swift, aimless, bewildered mind, the baffled utterance, the bright and perilous eye; some wild words, some household cares, something for James, the names of the dead, Rab called rapidly and in a "fremyt" voice, and he starting up, surprised, and slinking off as

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if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard. Many eager questions and beseechings which James and I could make nothing of, and on which she seemed to set her all, and then sink back ununderstood. It was very sad, but better than many things that are not called sad. James hovered about, put out and miserable, but active and exact as ever; read to her, when there was a lull, short bits from the Psalms, prose and metre, chanting the latter in his own rude and serious way, showing great knowledge of the fit words, bearing up like a man, and doating over her as his "ain Ailie." "Ailie, ma woman!" "Ma ain bonnie wee dawtie!"

The end was drawing on: the golden bowl was breaking; the silver cord was fast being loosed—that *animula blandula, vagula, hospes, comesque*, was about to flee. The body and the soul—companions for sixty years—were being sundered, and taking leave. She was walking, alone, through the valley of that shadow, into which one day we must all enter, —and yet she was not alone, for we know whose rod and staff were comforting her.

One night she had fallen quiet, and as we

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hoped, asleep; her eyes were shut. We put down the gas, and sat watching her. Suddenly she sat up in bed, and taking a bedgown which was lying on it rolled up, she held it eagerly to her breast,—to the right side. We could see her eyes bright with a surprising tenderness and joy, bending over this bundle of clothes. She held it as a woman holds her sucking child; opening out her night-gown impatiently, and holding it close, and brooding over it, and murmuring foolish little words, as over one whom his mother comforteth, and who sucks and is satisfied. It was pitiful and strange to see her wasted dying look, keen and yet vague—her immense love.

"Preserve me!" groaned James, giving way. And then she rocked back and forward, as if to make it sleep, hushing it, and wasting on it her infinite fondness. "Wae's me, doctor; I declare she's thinkin' it's that bairn." "What bairn?" "The only bairn we ever had; our wee Mysie, and she's in the Kingdom, forty years and mair." It was plainly true: the pain in the breast, telling its urgent story to a bewildered, ruined brain, was misread and mistaken; it suggested to her the uneasiness

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of a breast full of milk, and then the child; and so again once more they were together, and she had her ain wee Mysie in her bosom.

This was the close. She sank rapidly: the delirium left her; but, as she whispered, she was "clean silly;" it was the lightening before the final darkness. After having for some time lain still—her eyes shut, she said "James!" He came close to her, and lifting up her calm, clear, beautiful eyes, she gave him a long look, turned to me kindly but shortly, looked for Rab but could not see him, then turned to her husband again, as if she would never leave off looking, shut her eyes, and composed herself. She lay for some time breathing quick, and passed away so gently, that when we thought she was gone, James, in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face. After a long pause, one small spot of dimness was breathed out; it vanished away, and never returned, leaving the blank clear darkness of the mirror without a stain. "What is our life? it is even a vapour, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Rab all this time had been full awake and motionless: he came forward beside us: Ailie's

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hand, which James had held, was hanging down; it was soaked with his tears; Rab licked it all over carefully, looked at her, and returned to his place under the table.

James and I sat, I don't know how long, but for some time,—saying nothing: he started up abruptly, and with some noise went to the table, and putting his right fore and middle fingers each into a shoe, pulled them out, and put them on, breaking one of the leather latchets, and muttering in anger, "I never did the like o' that afore!"

I believe he never did; nor after either. "Rab!" he said roughly, and pointing with his thumb to the bottom of the bed. Rab leapt up, and settled himself; his head and eye to the dead face. "Maister John, ye'll wait for me," said the carrier; and disappeared in the darkness, thundering down stairs in his heavy shoes. I ran to a front window: there he was, already round the house, and out at the gate, fleeing like a shadow.

I was afraid about him, and yet not afraid; so I sat down beside Rab, and being wearied, fell asleep. I awoke from a sudden noise outside. It was November, and there had been

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a heavy fall of snow. Rab was *in statu quo;* he heard the noise too, and plainly knew it, but never moved. I looked out; and there, at the gate, in the dim morning—for the sun was not up, was Jess and the cart,—a cloud of steam rising from the old mare. I did not see James; he was already at the door, and came up the stairs, and met me. It was less than three hours since he left, and he must have posted out—who knows how?—to Howgate, full nine miles off; yoked Jess, and driven her astonished into town. He had an armful of blankets, and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pairs of clean old blankets having at their corners, "A. G., 1794," in large letters in red worsted. These were the initials of Alison Græme, and James may have looked in at her from without — himself unseen but not unthought of—when he was "wat, wat, and weary," and after having walked many a mile over the hills, may have seen her sitting, while "a' the lave were sleepin';" and by the firelight working her name on the blankets, for her ain James's bed.

He motioned Rab down, and taking his

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wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets, and happed her carefully and firmly up, leaving the face uncovered; and then lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and with a resolved but utterly miserable face, strode along the passage, and down stairs, followed by Rab. I followed with a light; but he didn't need it. I went out, holding stupidly the candle in my hand in the calm frosty air; we were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong, and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he had lifted her out ten days before—as tenderly as when he had her first in his arms when she was only "A. G.,"—sorted her, leaving that beautiful sealed face open to the heavens; and then taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me, neither did Rab, who presided behind the cart.

I stood till they passed through the long shadow of the College, and turned up Nicolson Street. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets, and die away and come again; and I returned, thinking of that company going up Libberton Brae, then along Roslin Muir, the

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morning light touching the Pentlands and making them like on-looking ghosts; then down the hill through Auchindinny woods, past "haunted Woodhouselee;" and as daybreak came sweeping up the bleak Lammermuirs, and fell on his own door, the company would stop, and James would take the key, and lift Ailie up again, laying her on her own bed, and, having put Jess up, would return with Rab and shut the door.

James buried his wife, with his neighbours mourning, Rab inspecting the solemnity from a distance. It was snow, and that black ragged hole would look strange in the midst of the swelling spotless cushion of white. James looked after everything; then rather suddenly fell ill, and took to bed; was insensible when the doctor came, and soon died. A sort of low fever was prevailing in the village, and his want of sleep, his exhaustion, and his misery, made him apt to take it. The grave was not difficult to re-open. A fresh fall of snow had again made all things white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

And what of Rab? I asked for him next

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week at the new carrier who got the goodwill of James's business, and was now master of Jess and her cart. "How's Rab?" He put me off, and said rather rudely, "What's *your* business wi' the dowg?" I was not to be so put off. "Where's Rab?" He, getting confused and red, and intermeddling with his hair, said "'Deed, sir, Rab's deid." "Dead! what did he die of?" "Weel, sir," said he, getting redder, "he didna exactly dee; he was killed. I had to brain him wi' a rack-pin; there was nae doin' wi' him. He lay in the treviss wi' the mear, and wadna come oot. I tempit him wi' kail and meat, but he wad tak naething, and keepit me frae feedin' the beast, and he was aye gur gurrin', and grup gruppin' me by the legs. I was laith to make awa wi' the auld dowg, his like wasna atween this and Thornhill, — but, 'deed, sir, I could do naething else." I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and his friends gone, why should he keep the peace, and be civil?

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MARJORIE FLEMING

A SKETCH

BEING THE PAPER ENTITLED

"PET MARJORIE: A STORY OF CHILD LIFE FIFTY YEARS AGO."

BY JOHN BROWN, M.D.

AUTHOR OF "RAB AND HIS FRIENDS."

Reprinted from the North British Review.

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1864.

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Revue des Deux Mondes, 1st November 1862.

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NOTE.

THE separate publication of this sketch has been forced upon me by the 'somewhat free use' made of it in a second and thereby enlarged edition of the 'little book' to which I owe my *introduction* to Marjorie Fleming—but nothing more;—a 'use' so exceedingly 'free' as to extend almost to everything with which I had ventured perhaps to encumber the letters and journals of that dear child. To be called 'kind and genial' by the individual who devised this edition, has, strange as he may think it, altogether failed to console me. Empty praise without the solid pudding is proverbially a thing of naught; but what shall we say of praise, the emptiness of which is aggravated, not merely by the absence, but by the actual abstraction of the pudding?

This little act of conveyancing—this 'engaging compilation' as he would have called it—puts me in mind of that pleasant joke in the preface to 'Essays by Mr. Goldsmith:' 'I would desire in this case, to imitate that fat man whom I have somewhere heard of in a shipwreck, who, when the sailors prest by famine, were taking slices from his body, to satisfy their hunger, insisted with great justice on having the first cut for himself.'

I have to thank the proprietors of the *North British Review* for permitting this reprint.

J. B.

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To

MISS FLEMING

to whom I am indebted for all its materials

THIS MEMORIAL

of her dear and unforgotten

MAIDIE

is gratefully inscribed.

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MARJORIE FLEMING.

ONE November afternoon in 1810—the year in which *Waverley* was resumed and laid aside again, to be finished off, its last two volumes in three weeks, and made immortal in 1814, and when its author, by the death of Lord Melville, narrowly escaped getting a civil appointment in India—three men, evidently lawyers, might have been seen escaping like schoolboys from the Parliament House, and speeding arm-in-arm down Bank Street and the Mound, in the teeth of a surly blast of sleet.

The three friends sought the *bield* of the low wall old Edinburgh boys remember well, and sometimes miss now, as they struggle with the stout west wind.

The three were curiously unlike each other. One, 'a little man of feeble make, who would be unhappy if his pony got beyond a foot pace,' slight, with 'small, elegant features, hectic cheek, and soft hazel eyes, the index of the quick, sensitive spirit within, as if he had the warm heart of a woman, her genuine enthusiasm, and some of her weaknesses.' Another, as unlike a woman as a man can be; homely, almost common, in look and figure; his hat and his coat, and indeed his entire covering, worn to the quick, but all of the best material; what redeemed him from vulgarity and meanness, were his eyes, deep set, heavily thatched, keen, hungry, shrewd, with a slumbering glow far in, as if they could be dangerous; a man to care nothing

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for at first glance, but somehow, to give a second and not-forgetting look at. The third was the biggest of the three, and though lame, nimble, and all rough and alive with power; had you met him anywhere else, you would say he was a Liddesdale store-farmer, come of gentle blood; 'a stout, blunt carle,' as he says of himself, with the swing and stride and the eye of a man of the hills—a large, sunny, out-of-door air all about him. On his broad and somewhat stooping shoulders, was set that head which, with Shakspere's and Bonaparte's, is the best known in all the world.

He was in high spirits, keeping his companions and himself in roars of laughter, and every now and then seizing them, and stopping, that they might take their fill of the fun; there they stood shaking with laughter, 'not an inch of their body free' from its grip. At George Street they parted, one to Rose Court, behind St. Andrew's Church, one to Albany Street, the other, our big and limping friend, to Castle Street.

We need hardly give their names. The first was William Erskine, afterwards Lord Kinnedder, chased out of the world by a calumny, killed by its foul breath,—

> 'And at the touch of wrong, without a strife,
> Slipped in a moment out of life.'

There is nothing in literature more beautiful or more pathetic than Scott's love and sorrow for this friend of his youth.

The second was William Clerk,—the *Darsie Latimer* of *Redgauntlet;* 'a man,' as Scott says, 'of the most acute intellects and powerful apprehension,' but of more powerful indolence, so as to leave the world with little more than the report of what he might have been,—a humorist as genuine, though not quite so savagely Swiftian as his brother Lord

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Eldin, neither of whom had much of that commonest and best of all the humours, called good.

The third we all know. What has he not done for every one of us? Who else ever, except Shakspere, so diverted mankind, entertained and entertains a world so liberally, so wholesomely? We are fain to say, not even Shakspere, for his is something deeper than diversion, something higher than pleasure, and yet who would care to split this hair?

Had any one watched him closely before and after the parting, what a change he would see! The bright, broad laugh, the shrewd, jovial word, the man of the Parliament House and of the world; and next step, moody, the light of his eye withdrawn, as if seeing things that were invisible; his shut mouth, like a child's, so impressionable, so innocent, so sad; he was now all within, as before he was all without; hence his brooding look. As the snow blattered in his face, he muttered, 'How it raves and drifts! On-ding o' snaw—ay, that's the word—on-ding—'. He was now at his own door, 'Castle Street, No. 39.' He opened the door, and went straight to his den; that wondrous workshop, where, in one year, 1823, when he was fifty-two, he wrote *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, and *St. Ronan's Well*, besides much else. We once took the foremost of our novelists, the greatest, we would say, since Scott, into this room, and could not but mark the solemnizing effect of sitting where the great magician sat so often and so long, and looking out upon that little shabby bit of sky and that back green, where faithful Camp lies.[1]

[1] This favourite dog 'died about January 1809, and was buried in a fine moonlight night in the little garden behind the house in Castle Street. My wife tells me she remembers the whole family in tears about the grave as her father himself smoothed the turf above Camp, with the saddest face she had ever seen. He had been engaged to dine abroad that day, but apologized, on account of the death of "a dear old friend."'—Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

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He sat down in his large, green morocco elbow-chair, drew himself close to his table, and glowered and gloomed at his writing apparatus, 'a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink-bottles, taper-stand, etc., in silver, the whole in such order, that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before.' He took out his paper, then starting up angrily, said, '"Go spin, you jade, go spin." No, d— it, it won't do,—

"My spinnin' wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't wunna stand, sir,
To keep the temper-pin in tiff
Employs ower aft my hand, sir."

I am off the fang.[1] I can make nothing of *Waverley* to-day; I'll awa' to Marjorie. Come wi' me, Maida, you thief.' The great creature rose slowly, and the pair were off, Scott taking a *maud* (a plaid) with him. 'White as a frosted plum-cake, by jingo!' said he, when he got to the street. Maida gambolled and whisked among the snow, and his master strode across to Young Street, and through it to 1, North Charlotte Street, to the house of his dear friend, Mrs. William Keith of Corstorphine Hill, niece of Mrs. Keith of Ravelston, of whom he said at her death, eight years after, 'Much tradition, and that of the best, has died with this excellent old lady, one of the few persons whose spirits and *cleanliness* and freshness of mind and body made old age lovely and desirable.'

Sir Walter was in that house almost every day, and had a key, so in he and the hound went, shaking themselves in the lobby. 'Marjorie! Marjorie!' shouted her friend, 'where are ye, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?' In a moment a bright, eager child of seven was in his arms, and he was kissing her all over. Out came Mrs. Keith. 'Come

[1] Applied to a pump when it is dry, and its valve has lost its 'fang;' from the German, *fangen*, to hold.

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yer ways in, Wattie.' 'No, not now. I am going to take Marjorie wi' me, and you may come to your tea in Duncan Roy's sedan, and bring the bairn home in your lap.' 'Tak' Marjorie, and it *on-ding o' snaw!*' said Mrs. Keith. He said to himself, 'On-ding—that's odd—that is the very word.' 'Hoot, awa! look here,' and he displayed the corner of his plaid, made to hold lambs—(the true shepherd's plaid, consisting of two breadths sewed together, and uncut at one end, making a poke or *cul de sac*). 'Tak' yer lamb,' said she, laughing at the contrivance, and so the Pet was first well happit up, and then put, laughing silently, into the plaid neuk, and the shepherd strode off with his lamb,—Maida gambolling through the snow, and running races in her mirth.

Didn't he face 'the angry airt,' and make her bield his bosom, and into his own room with her, and lock the door, and out with the warm, rosy, little wifie, who took it all with great composure! There the two remained for three or more hours, making the house ring with their laughter; you can fancy the big man's and Maidie's laugh. Having made the fire cheery, he set her down in his ample chair, and standing sheepishly before her, began to say his lesson, which happened to be—'Ziccotty, diccotty, dock, the mouse ran up the clock, the clock struck wan, down the mouse ran, ziccotty, diccotty, dock.' This done repeatedly till she was pleased, she gave him his new lesson, gravely and slowly, timing it upon her small fingers,—he saying it after her,—

'Wonery, twoery, tickery, seven;
Alibi, crackaby, ten, and eleven;
Pin, pan, musky, dan;
Tweedle-um, twoddle-um,
Twenty-wan; eerie, orie, ourie,
You, are, out.'

He pretended to great difficulty, and she rebuked him

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with most comical gravity, treating him as a child. He used to say that when he came to Alibi Crackaby he broke down, and Pin-Pan, Musky-Dan, Tweedle-um Twoddle-um made him roar with laughter. He said *Musky-Dan* especially was beyond endurance, bringing up an Irishman and his hat fresh from the Spice Islands and odoriferous Ind; she getting quite bitter in her displeasure at his ill behaviour and stupidness.

Then he would read ballads to her in his own glorious way, the two getting wild with excitement over *Gil Morrice* or the *Baron of Smailholm;* and he would take her on his knee, and make her repeat Constance's speeches in *King John*, till he swayed to and fro, sobbing his fill. Fancy the gifted little creature, like one possessed, repeating—

> 'For I am sick, and capable of fears,
> Oppressed with wrong, and therefore, full of fears;
> A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
> A woman, naturally born to fears.'
>
> 'If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim,
> Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
> Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious—'.

Or, drawing herself up 'to the height of her great argument'—

> 'I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
> For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
> Here I and sorrow sit.'

Scott used to say that he was amazed at her power over him, saying to Mrs. Keith, 'She's the most extraordinary creature I ever met with, and her repeating of Shakspere overpowers me as nothing else does.'

Thanks to the unforgetting sister of this dear child, who has much of the sensibility and fun of her who has been in her small grave these fifty and more years, we have now before us the letters and journals of Pet Marjorie

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—before us lies and gleams her rich brown hair, bright and sunny as if yesterday's, with the words on the paper, 'Cut out in her last illness,' and two pictures of her by her beloved Isabella, whom she worshipped; there are the faded old scraps of paper, hoarded still, over which her warm breath and her warm little heart had poured themselves; there is the old water-mark, 'Lingard, 1808.' The two portraits are very like each other, but plainly done at different times; it is a chubby, healthy face, deep-set, brooding eyes, as eager to tell what is going on within, as to gather in all the glories from without; quick with the wonder and the pride of life; they are eyes that would not be soon satisfied with seeing; eyes that would devour their object, and yet childlike and fearless; and that is a mouth that will not be soon satisfied with love; it has a curious likeness to Scott's own, which has always appeared to us his sweetest, most mobile and speaking feature.

There she is, looking straight at us as she did at him—fearless and full of love, passionate, wild, wilful, fancy's child. One cannot look at it without thinking of Wordsworth's lines on poor Hartley Coleridge :—

> 'O blessed vision, happy child!
> Thou art so exquisitely wild,
> I thought of thee with many fears,
> Of what might be thy lot in future years.
> I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
> Lord of thy house and hospitality;
> And Grief, uneasy lover! ne'er at rest,
> But when she sat within the touch of thee.
> Oh, too industrious folly!
> Oh, vain and causeless melancholy!
> Nature will either end thee quite,
> Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
> Preserve for thee by individual right,
> A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flock.'

And we can imagine Scott, when holding his warm plump

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little playfellow in his arms, repeating that stately friend's lines :—

> 'Loving she is, and tractable, though wild,
> And Innocence hath privilege in her,
> To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes,
> And feats of cunning; and the pretty round
> Of trespasses, affected to provoke
> Mock chastisement and partnership in play.
> And, as a fagot sparkles on the hearth,
> Not less if unattended and alone,
> Than when both young and old sit gathered round,
> And take delight in its activity,
> Even so this happy creature of herself
> Is all-sufficient; solitude to her
> Is blithe society; she fills the air
> With gladness and involuntary songs.'

But we will let her disclose herself. We need hardly say that all this is true, and that these letters are as really Marjorie's as was this light brown hair; indeed you could as easily fabricate the one as the other.

There was an old servant—Jeanie Robertson—who was forty years in her grandfather's family. Marjorie Fleming, or, as she is called in the letters, and by Sir Walter, Maidie, was the last child she kept. Jeanie's wages never exceeded £3 a year, and, when she left service, she had saved £40. She was devotedly attached to Maidie, rather despising and ill-using her sister Isabella—a beautiful and gentle child. This partiality made Maidie apt at times to domineer over Isabella. 'I mention this' (writes her surviving sister) 'for the purpose of telling you an instance of Maidie's generous justice. When only five years old—when walking in Raith grounds, the two children had run on before, and old Jeanie remembered they might come too near a dangerous mill-lade. She called to them to turn back. Maidie heeded her not, rushed all the faster on, and fell, and would have been lost, had her sister not pulled her back, saving her life, but tearing her clothes. Jeanie flew on Isabella to

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"give it her" for spoiling her favourite's dress ; Maidie rushed in between crying out, " pay (whip) Maidjie as much as you like, and I'll not say one word ; but touch Isy, and I'll roar like a bull !" Years after Maidie was resting in her grave, my mother used to take me to the place, and told the story always in the exact same words.' This Jeanie must have been a character. She took great pride in exhibiting Maidie's brother William's Calvinistic acquirements when nineteen months old, to the officers of a militia regiment then quartered in Kirkcaldy. This performance was so amusing that it was often repeated, and the little theologian was presented by them with a cap and feathers. Jeanie's glory was 'putting him through the carritch' (catechism) in broad Scotch, beginning at the beginning with 'Wha made ye, ma bonnie man?' For the correctness of this and the three next replies Jeanie had no anxiety, but the tone changed to menace, and the closed *nieve* (fist) was shaken in the child's face as she demanded, 'Of what are you made?' 'DIRT' was the answer uniformly given. 'Wull ye never learn to say *dust*, ye thrawn deevil?' with a cuff from the opened hand, was the as inevitable rejoinder.

Here is Maidie's first letter before she was six. The spelling unaltered, and there are no 'commoes.'

'MY DEAR ISA,—I now sit down to answer all your kind and beloved letters which you was so good as to write to me. This is the first time I ever wrote a letter in my Life. There are a great many Girls in the Square and they cry just like a pig when we are under the painfull necessity of putting it to Death. Miss Potune a Lady of my acquaintance praises me dreadfully. I repeated something out of Dean Swift, and she said I was fit for the stage, and you may think I was primmed up with majestick Pride, but upon my word I felt myselfe turn a little birsay—birsay is a word

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which is a word that William composed which is as you may suppose a little enraged. This horrid fat simpliton says that my Aunt is beautifull which is intirely impossible for that is not her nature.'

What a peppery little pen we wield! What could that have been out of the Sardonic Dean? what other child of that age would have used 'beloved' as she does. This power of affection, this faculty of *be*loving, and wild hunger to be beloved, comes out more and more. She perilled her all upon it, and it may have been as well—we know, indeed, that it was far better—for her that this wealth of love was so soon withdrawn to its one only infinite Giver and Receiver. This must have been the law of her earthly life. Love was, indeed 'her Lord and King;' and it was perhaps well for her that she found so soon that her and our only Lord and King, Himself is Love.

Here are bits from her Diary at Braehead:—'The day of my existence here has been delightful and enchanting. On Saturday I expected no less than three well made Bucks the names of whom is here advertised. Mr. Geo. Crakey (Craigie), and Wm. Keith and Jn. Keith—the first is the funniest of every one of them. Mr. Crakey and walked to Crakyhall (Craigiehall) hand in hand in Innocence and matitation (meditation) sweet thinking on the kind love which flows in our tender hearted mind which is overflowing with majestic pleasure no one was ever so polite to me in the hole state of my existence. Mr. Craky you must know is a great Buck and pretty good-looking.

'I am at Ravelston enjoying nature's fresh air. The birds are singing sweetly—the calf doth frisk and nature shows her glorious face.'

Here is a confession:—'I confess I have been very more like a little young divil than a creature for when Isabella

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went up stairs to teach me religion and my multiplication and to be good and all my other lessons I stamped with my foot and threw my new hat which she had made on the ground and was sulky and was dreadfully passionate, but she never whiped me but said Marjory go into another room and think what a great crime you are committing letting your temper git the better of you. But I went so sulkily that the Devil got the better of me but she never never never whips me so that I think I would be the better of it and the next time that I behave ill I think she should do it for she never never does it. . . . Isabella has given me praise for checking my temper for I was sulky even when she was kneeling an hole hour teaching me to write.'

Our poor little wifie, *she* has no doubts of the personality of the Devil! 'Yesterday I behave extremely ill in God's most holy church for I would never attend myself nor let Isabella attend which was a great crime for she often, often tells me that when to or three are geathered together God is in the midst of them, and it was the very same Divil that tempted Job that tempted me I am sure; but he resisted Satan though he had boils and many many other misfortunes which I have escaped. . . . I am now going to tell you the horible and wretched plaege (plague) that my multiplication gives me you can't conceive it the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself cant endure.'

This is delicious; and what harm is there in her 'Devilish?' it is strong language merely; even old Rowland Hill used to say 'he grudged the Devil those rough and ready words.' 'I walked to that delightful place Crakyhall with a delightful young man beloved by all his friends espacially by me his loveress, but I must not talk any more about him for Isa said it is not proper for to speak of gentalmen but I will never forget him! . . . I am very very glad

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that satan has not given me boils and many other misfortunes—In the holy bible these words are written that the Devil goes like a roaring lyon in search of his pray but the lord lets us escape from him but we' (*pauvre petite!*) 'do not strive with this awfull Spirit. . . . To-day I pronunced a word which should never come out of a lady's lips it was that I called John a Impudent Bitch. I will tell you what I think made me in so bad a humor is I got one or two of that bad bad sina (senna) tea to-day,'—a better excuse for bad humour and bad language than most.

She has been reading the Book of Esther: 'It was a dreadful thing that Haman was hanged on the very gallows which he had prepared for Mordecâ to hang him and his ten sons thereon and it was very wrong and cruel to hang his sons for they did not commit the crime; *but then Jesus was not then come to teach us to be merciful.*' This is wise and beautiful—has upon it the very dew of youth and of holiness. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He perfects His praise.

'This is Saturday and I am very glad of it because I have play half the Day and I get money too but alas I owe Isabella 4 pence for I am finned 2 pence whenever I bite my nails. Isabella is teaching me to make simme colings nots of interrigations peorids commoes, etc. . . . As this is Sunday I will meditate upon Senciable and Religious subjects. First I should be very thankful I am not a begger.'

This amount of meditation and thankfulness seems to have been all she was able for.

'I am going to-morrow to a delightfull place, Braehead by name, belonging to Mrs. Crraford, where there is ducks cocks hens bubblyjocks 2 dogs 2 cats and swine which is delightful. I think it is shocking to think that the dog and cat should bear them' (this is a meditation physiological),

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'and they are drowned after all. I would rather have a man-dog than a woman-dog, because they do not bear like women-dogs; it is a hard case—it is shocking. I cam here to enjoy natures delightful breath it is sweeter than a fial (phial) of rose oil.'

Braehead is the farm the historical Jock Howison asked and got from our gay James the Fifth, 'the gudeman o' Ballengiech,' as a reward for the services of his flail when the King had the worst of it at Cramond Brig with the gipsies. The farm is unchanged in size from that time, and still in the unbroken line of the ready and victorious thrasher. Braehead is held on the condition of the possessor being ready to present the King with a ewer and basin to wash his hands, Jock having done this for his unknown king after the *splore,* and when George the Fourth came to Edinburgh this ceremony was performed in silver at Holyrood. It is a lovely neuk this Braehead, preserved almost as it was 200 years ago. 'Lot and his wife' mentioned by Maidie—two quaintly cropped yew-trees—still thrive, the burn runs as it did in her time, and sings the same quiet tune—as much the same and as different as *Now* and *Then.* The house full of old family relics and pictures, the sun shining on them through the small deep windows with their plate glass; and there, blinking at the sun, and chattering contentedly, is a parrot, that might, for its looks of eld, have been in the ark, and domineered over and *deaved* the dove. Everything about the place is old and fresh.

This is beautiful:—'I am very sorry to say that I forgot God—that is to say I forgot to pray to-day and Isabella told me that I should be thankful that God did not forget me—if he did, O what become of me if I was in danger and God not friends with me—I must go to unquenchable fire and if I was tempted to sin—how could I resist it O no I will

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never do it again—no no—if I can help it.' (Canny wee wifie!) 'My religion is greatly falling off because I dont pray with so much attention when I am saying my prayers, and my charecter is lost among the Braehead people. I hope I will be religious again—but as for regaining my charecter I despare for it.' (Poor little 'habit and repute!')

Her temper, her passion, and her 'badness' are almost daily confessed and deplored :—'I will never again trust to my own power, for I see that I cannot be good without God's assistance—I will not trust in my own selfe, and Isa's health will be quite ruined by me—it will indeed.' 'Isa has giving me advice, which is, that when I feal Satan beginning to tempt me, that I flea him and he would flea me.' 'Remorse is the worst thing to bear, and I am afraid that I will fall a marter to it.'

Poor dear little sinner!—Here comes the world again :—'In my travels I met with a handsome lad named Charles Balfour Esq., and from him I got ofers of marage—offers of marage, did I say? Nay plenty heard me.' A fine scent for 'breach of promise!'

This is abrupt and strong :—'The Divil is curced and all works. 'Tis a fine work *Newton on the profecies.* I wonder if there is another book of poems comes near the Bible. The Divil always girns at the sight of the Bible.' 'Miss Potune' (her 'simpliton' friend) 'is very fat; she pretends to be very learned. She says she saw a stone that dropt from the skies; but she is a good Christian.' Here come her views on church government :—'An Annibabtist is a thing I am not a member of—I am a Pisplekan (Episcopalian) just now, and' (Oh you little Laodicean and Latitudinarian!) 'a Prisbeteran at Kirkcaldy!'—(*Blandula! Vagula! cœlum et animum mutas quæ trans mare* (i.e., *trans Bodotriam*)*-curris!*)—'my native town.' 'Sentiment is

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not what I am acquainted with as yet, though I wish it, and should like to practise it' (!) 'I wish I had a great, great deal of gratitude in my heart, in all my body.' 'There is a new novel published, named *Self-Control* (Mrs. Brunton's)—'a very good maxim forsooth!' This is shocking: 'Yesterday a marrade man, named Mr. John Balfour, Esq., offered to kiss me, and offered to marry me, though the man' (a fine directness this!) 'was espused, and his wife was present and said he must ask her permission; but he did not. I think he was ashamed and confounded before 3 gentelman —Mr. Jobson and 2 Mr. Kings.' 'Mr. Banester's' (Bannister's) 'Budjet is to-night; I hope it will be a good one. A great many authors have expressed themselves too sentimentally.' You are right, Marjorie. 'A Mr. Burns writes a beautiful song on Mr. Cunhaming, whose wife desarted him—truly it is a most beautiful one.' 'I like to read the Fabulous historys, about the histerys of Robin, Dickey, flapsay, and Peccay, and it is very amusing, for some were good birds and others bad, but Peccay was the most dutiful and obedient to her parients.' 'Thomson is a beautiful author, and Pope, but nothing to Shakespear, of which I have a little knolege. *Macbeth* is a pretty composition, but awful one.' 'The *Newgate Calender* is very instructive' (!) 'A sailor called here to say farewell; it must be dreadful to leave his native country when he might get a wife; or perhaps me, for I love him very much. But O I forgot, Isabella forbid me to speak about love.' This antiphlogistic regimen and lesson is ill to learn by our Maidie, for here she sins again:—'Love is a very papithatick thing' (it is almost a pity to correct this into pathetic), 'as well as troublesome and tiresome—but O Isabella forbid me to speak of it.' Here are her reflections on a pine-apple:—'I think the price of a pine-apple is very dear: it is a whole

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bright goulden guinea, that might have sustained a poor family.' Here is a new vernal simile :—'The hedges are sprouting like chicks from the eggs when they are newly hatched or, as the vulgar say, *clacked*.' 'Doctor Swift's works are very funny ; I got some of them by heart.' 'Moreheads sermons are I hear much praised, but I never read sermons of any kind ; but I read novelettes and my Bible, and I never forget it, or my prayers.' Bravo Marjorie !

She seems now, when still about six, to have broken out into song :—

'EPHIBOL (EPIGRAM OR EPITAPH—WHO KNOWS WHICH ?)
ON MY DEAR LOVE ISABELLA.

Here lies sweet Isabell in bed,
With a night-cap on her head ;
Her skin is soft, her face is fair,
And she has very pretty hair ;
She and I in bed lies nice,
And undisturbed by rats or mice ;
She is disgusted with Mr. Worgan,
Though he plays upon the organ.
Her nails are neat, her teeth are white,
Her eyes are very, very bright ;
In a conspicuous town she lives,
And to the poor her money gives :
Here ends sweet Isabella's story,
And may it be much to her glory.'

Here are some bits at random :—

'Of summer I am very fond,
And love to bathe into a pond ;
The look of sunshine dies away,
And will not let me out to play ;
I love the morning's sun to spy
Glittering through the casement's eye,
The rays of light are very sweet,
And puts away the taste of meat ;
The balmy breeze comes down from heaven,
And makes us like for to be living.'

'The casawary is an curious bird, and so is the gigantic

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crane, and the pelican of the wilderness, whose mouth holds a bucket of fish and water. Fighting is what ladies is not qualyfied for, they would not make a good figure in battle or in a duel. Alas! we females are of little use to our country. The history of all the malcontents as ever was hanged is amusing.' Still harping on the Newgate Calendar!

'Braehead is extremely pleasant to me by the companie of swine, geese, cocks, etc., and they are the delight of my soul.'

'I am going to tell you of a melancholy story. A young turkie of 2 or 3 months old, would you believe it, the father broke its leg, and he killed another! I think he ought to be transported or hanged.'

'Queen Street is a very gay one, and so is Princes Street, for all the lads and lasses, besides bucks and beggars, parade there.'

'I should like to see a play very much, for I never saw one in all my life, and don't believe I ever shall; but I hope I can be content without going to one. I can be quite happy without my desire being granted.'

'Some days ago Isabella had a terrible fit of the tooth-ake, and she walked with a long night-shift at dead of night like a ghost, and I thought she was one. She prayed for nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep—but did not get it—a ghostly figure indeed she was, enough to make a saint tremble. It made me quiver and shake from top to toe. Superstition is a very mean thing, and should be despised and shunned.'

Here is her weakness and her strength again :—'In the love-novels all the heroines are very desperate. Isabella will not allow me to speak about lovers and heroins, and 'tis too refined for my taste.' 'Miss Egward's (Edgeworth's) tails are very good, particularly some that are very much

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adapted for youth (!) as Laz Laurance and Tarelton, False Keys, etc. etc.'

'Tom Jones and Grey's Elegey in a country churchyard are both excellent, and much spoke of by both sex, particularly by the men.' Are our Marjories now-a-days better or worse because they cannot read Tom Jones unharmed? More better than worse; but who among them can repeat Gray's Lines on a distant prospect of Eton College as could our Maidie?

Here is some more of her prattle:—'I went into Isabella's bed to make her smile like the Genius Demedicus' (the Venus de Medicis) 'or the statute in an ancient Greece, but she fell asleep in my very face, at which my anger broke forth, so that I awoke her from a comfortable nap. All was now hushed up again, but again my anger burst forth at her biding me get up.'

She begins thus loftily:—

'Death the righteous love to see,
But from it doth the wicked flee.'

Then suddenly breaks off (as if with laughter)—

'I am sure they fly as fast as their legs can carry them!'

'There is a thing I love to see,
That is our monkey catch a flee.'

'I love in Isa's bed to lie,
Oh, such a joy and luxury!
The bottom of the bed I sleep,
And with great care within I creep;
Oft I embrace her feet of lillys,
But she has goton all the pillys.
Her neck I never can embrace,
But I do hug her feet in place.'

How childish and yet how strong and free is her use of words!—'I lay at the foot of the bed because Isabella said I disturbed her by continial fighting and kicking, but I was very dull, and continially at work reading the Arabian Nights,

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which I could not have done if I had slept at the top. I am reading the Mysteries of Udolpho. I am much interested in the fate of poor, poor Emily.'

Here is one of her swains—

'Very soft and white his cheeks,
His hair is red, and grey his breeks;
His tooth is like the daisy fair,
His only fault is in his hair.'

This is a higher flight :—

'DEDICATED TO MRS. H. CRAWFORD BY THE AUTHOR, M. F.

Three turkeys fair their last have breathed,
And now this world for ever leaved;
Their father, and their mother too,
They sigh and weep as well as you;
Indeed, the rats their bones have crunched,
Into eternity theire laanched.
A direful death indeed they had,
As wad put any parent mad;
But she was more than usual calm,
She did not give a single dam.'

This last word is saved from all sin by its tender age, not to speak of the want of the *n*. We fear 'she' is the abandoned mother, in spite of her previous sighs and tears.

'Isabella says when we pray we should pray fervently, and not rattel over a prayer—for that we are kneeling at the footstool of our Lord and Creator, who saves us from eternal damnation, and from unquestionable fire and brimston.'

She has a long poem on Mary Queen of Scots :

'Queen Mary was much loved by all,
Both by the great and by the small,
But hark! her soul to heaven doth rise!
And I suppose she has gained a prize—
For I do think she would not go
Into the *awful* place below;
There is a thing that I must tell,
Elizabeth went to fire and hell;
He who would teach her to be civil,
It must be her great friend the divil!'

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She hits off Darnley well :—

'A noble's son, a handsome lad,
By some queer way or other, had
Got quite the better of her heart,
With him she always talked apart ;
Silly he was, but very fair,
A greater buck was not found there.'

'By some queer way or other ;' is not this the general case and the mystery, young ladies and gentlemen ? Goethe's doctrine of 'elective affinities' discovered by our Pet Maidie.

SONNET TO A MONKEY.

'O lively, O most charming pug
Thy graceful air, and heavenly mug ;
The beauties of his mind do shine,
And every bit is shaped and fine.
Your teeth are whiter than the snow,
Your a great buck, your a great beau ;
Your eyes are of so nice a shape,
More like a Christian's than an ape ;
Your cheek is like the rose's blume,
Your hair is like the raven's plume ;
His nose's cast is of the Roman,
He is a very pretty woman.
I could not get a rhyme for Roman,
So was obliged to call him woman.'

This last joke is good. She repeats it when writing of James the Second being killed at Roxburgh :—

'He was killed by a cannon splinter,
Quite in the middle of the winter ;
Perhaps it was not at that time,
But I can get no other rhyme !'

Here is one of her last letters, dated Kirkcaldy, 12th October 1811. You can see how her nature is deepening and enriching :—'MY DEAR MOTHER,—You will think that I entirely forget you but I assure you that you are greatly mistaken. I think of you always and often sigh to think of the distance between us two loving creatures of nature. We have regular hours for all our occupations first at 7

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o'clock we go to the dancing and come home at 8 we then read our Bible and get our repeating and then play till ten then we get our music till 11 when we get our writing and accounts we sew from 12 till 1 after which I get my gramer and then work till five. At 7 we come and knit till 8 when we dont go to the dancing. This is an exact description. I must take a hasty farewell to her whom I love, reverence and doat on and who I hope thinks the same of

'MARJORY FLEMING.

'*P.S.*—An old pack of cards (!) would be very exeptible.'

This other is a month earlier :—'MY DEAR LITTLE MAMA, —I was truly happy to hear that you were all well. We are surrounded with measles at present on every side, for the Herons got it, and Isabella Heron was near Death's Door, and one night her father lifted her out of bed, and she fell down as they thought lifeless. Mr. Heron said, "That lassie's deed noo"—"I'm no deed yet." She then threw up a big worm nine inches and a half long. I have begun dancing, but am not very fond of it, for the boys strikes and mocks me.—I have been another night at the dancing; I like it better. I will write to you as often as I can; but I am afraid not every week. *I long for you with the longings of a child to embrace you—to fold you in my arms. I respect you with all the respect due to a mother. You dont know how I love you. So I shall remain, your loving child*— M. FLEMING.'

What rich involution of love in the words marked! Here are some lines to her beloved Isabella, in July 1811 :—

'There is a thing that I do want,
With you these beauteous walks to haunt,
We would be happy if you would
Try to come over if you could.

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Then I would all quite happy be
Now and for all eternity.
My mother is so very sweet,
And checks my appetite to eat;
My father shows us what to do;
But O I'm sure that I want you.
I have no more of poetry;
O Isa do remember me,
And try to love your Marjory.'

In a letter from 'Isa' to

'Miss Muff Maidie Marjory Fleming,
favored by Rare Rear-Admiral Fleming,'

She says—'I long much to see you, and talk over all our old stories together, and to hear you read and repeat. I am pining for my old friend Cesario, and poor Lear, and wicked Richard. How is the dear Multiplication table going on? are you still as much attached to 9 times 9 as you used to be?'

But this dainty, bright thing is about to flee—to come 'quick to confusion.' The measles she writes of seized her, and she died on the 19th of December 1811. The day before her death, Sunday, she sat up in bed, worn and thin, her eye gleaming as with the light of a coming world, and with a tremulous, old voice repeated the following lines by Burns—heavy with the shadow of death, and lit with the phantasy of the judgment-seat—the publican's prayer in paraphrase:—

'Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy, with draughts of ill between,
Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms.
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for GUILT my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, forgive my foul offence,
Fain promise never more to disobey;

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But should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might forsake fair virtue's way,
Again in folly's path might go astray,
Again exalt the brute and sink the man.
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan,
Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to temptation ran?

O thou great Governor of all below,
If I might dare a lifted eye to thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
And still the tumult of the raging sea;
With that controlling power assist even me
Those headstrong furious passions to confine,
For all unfit I feel my powers to be
To rule their torrent in the allowed line;
O aid me with thy help, OMNIPOTENCE DIVINE.'

It is more affecting than we care to say to read her Mother's and Isabella Keith's letters written immediately after her death. Old and withered, tattered and pale they are now: but when you read them, how quick, how throbbing with life and love! how rich in that language of affection which only women, and Shakspere, and Luther can use—that power of detaining the soul over the beloved object and its loss.

'*K. Philip to Constance*—
You are as fond of grief as of your child.
Const.—Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
Then I have reason to be fond of grief.'

What variations cannot love play on this one string!

In her first letter to Miss Keith, Mrs. Fleming says of her dead Maidie:—'Never did I behold so beautiful an object. It resembled the finest wax-work. There was in the countenance an expression of sweetness and serenity which seemed to indicate that the pure spirit had anticipated the joys of heaven ere it quitted the mortal frame.

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To tell you what your Maidie said of you would fill volumes; for you was the constant theme of her discourse, the subject of her thoughts, and ruler of her actions. The last time she mentioned you was a few hours before all sense save that of suffering was suspended, when she said to Dr. Johnstone, 'If you will let me out at the New Year, I will be quite contented.' I asked what made her so anxious to get out then? 'I want to purchase a New Year's gift for Isa Keith with the sixpence you gave me for being patient in the measles; and I would like to choose it myself.' I do not remember her speaking afterwards, except to complain of her head, till just before she expired, when she articulated, "O, mother! mother!"'

Do we make too much of this little child, who has been in her grave in Abbotshall Kirkyard these fifty and more years? We may of her cleverness—not of her affectionateness, her nature. What a picture the *animosa infans* gives us of herself, her vivacity, her passionateness, her precocious love-making, her passion for nature, for swine, for all living things, her reading, her turn for expression, her satire, her frankness, her little sins and rages, her great repentances! We don't wonder Walter Scott carried her off in the neuk of his plaid, and played himself with her for hours.

The year before she died, when in Edinburgh, she was at a Twelfth Night supper at Scott's, in Castle Street. The company had all come—all but Marjorie. Scott's familiars, whom we all know, were there—all were come but Marjorie; and all were dull because Scott was dull. 'Where's that bairn? what can have come over her? I'll go myself and see.' And he was getting up, and would have gone; when the bell rang, and in came Duncan Roy and his henchman Tougald, with the sedan chair, which was brought right into

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the lobby, and its top raised. And there, in its darkness and dingy old cloth, sat Maidie in white, her eyes gleaming, and Scott bending over her in ecstasy—'hung over her enamoured.' 'Sit ye there, my dautie, till they all see you;' and forthwith he brought them all. You can fancy the scene. And he lifted her up and marched to his seat with her on his stout shoulder, and set her down beside him; and then began the night, and such a night! Those who knew Scott best said, that night was never equalled; Maidie and he were the stars; and she gave them *Constance's* speeches and *Helvellyn*, the ballad then much in vogue—and all her *répertoire*—Scott showing her off, and being ofttimes rebuked by her for his intentional blunders.

We are indebted for the following—and our readers will be not unwilling to share our obligations—to her sister:—'Her birth was 15th January 1803; her death 19th December 1811. I take this from her Bibles.[1] I believe she was a child of robust health, of much vigour of body, and beautifully formed arms, and until her last illness, never was an hour in bed. She was niece to Mrs. Keith, residing in No. 1, North Charlotte Street, who was *not* Mrs. Murray Keith, although very intimately acquainted with that old lady. My aunt was a daughter of Mr. James Rae, surgeon, and married the younger son of old Keith of Ravelstone. Corstorphine Hill belonged to my aunt's husband; and his eldest son, Sir Alexander Keith, succeeded his uncle to both Ravelstone and Dunnottar. The Keiths were not connected by relationship with the Howisons of Braehead, but my grandfather and grandmother (who was), a daughter of Cant of Thurston and Giles-Grange, were on the most in-

[1] 'Her Bible is before me; *a pair*, as then called; the faded marks are just as she placed them. There is one at David's lament over Jonathan.'

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timate footing with *our* Mrs. Keith's grandfather and grandmother; and so it has been for three generations, and the friendship consummated by my cousin William Keith marrying Isabella Craufurd.

'As to my aunt and Scott, they were on a very intimate footing. He asked my aunt to be godmother to his eldest daughter Sophia Charlotte. I had a copy of Miss Edgeworth's "Rosamond, and Harry and Lucy" for long, which was "a gift to Marjorie from Walter Scott," probably the first edition of that attractive series, for it wanted "Frank," which is always now published as part of the series, under the title of *Early Lessons*. I regret to say these little volumes have disappeared.

'Sir Walter was no relation of Marjorie's, but of the Keiths, through the Swintons; and, like Marjorie, he stayed much at Ravelstone in his early days, with his grandaunt Mrs. Keith; and it was while seeing him there as a boy, that another aunt of mine composed, when he was about fourteen, the lines prognosticating his future fame that Lockhart ascribes in his Life to Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of "The Flowers of the Forest":—

> 'Go on, dear youth, the glorious path pursue
> Which bounteous Nature kindly smooths for you;
> Go bid the seeds her hands have sown arise,
> By timely culture, to their native skies;
> Go, and employ the poet's heavenly art,
> Not merely to delight, but mend the heart.'

Mrs. Keir was my aunt's name, another of Dr. Rae's daughters.' We cannot better end than in words from this same pen:—'I have to ask you to forgive my anxiety in gathering up the fragments of Marjorie's last days, but I have an almost sacred feeling to all that pertains to her. You are quite correct in stating that measles were the cause of her death. My mother was struck by the patient quiet-

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ness manifested by Marjorie during this illness, unlike her ardent, impulsive nature; but love and poetic feeling were unquenched. When Dr. Johnstone rewarded her submissiveness with a sixpence, the request speedily followed that she might get out ere New Year's day came. When asked why she was so desirous of getting out, she immediately rejoined, "Oh, I am so anxious to buy something with my sixpence for my dear Isa Keith." Again, when lying very still, her mother asked her if there was anything she wished: "Oh yes! if you would just leave the room door open a wee bit, and play 'The Land o' the Leal,' and I will lie and *think*, and enjoy myself' (this is just as stated to me by her mother and mine). Well, the happy day came, alike to parents and child, when Marjorie was allowed to come forth from the nursery to the parlour. It was Sabbath evening, and after tea. My father, who idolized this child, and never afterwards in my hearing mentioned her name, took her in his arms; and while walking her up and down the room, she said, "Father, I will repeat something to you; what would you like?" He said, "Just choose yourself, Maidie." She hesitated for a moment between the paraphrase, "Few are thy days, and full of woe," and the lines of Burns already quoted, but decided on the latter, a remarkable choice for a child. The repeating these lines seemed to stir up the depths of feeling in her soul. She asked to be allowed to write a poem; there was a doubt whether it would be right to allow her, in case of hurting her eyes. She pleaded earnestly, "Just this once;" the point was yielded, her slate was given her, and with great rapidity she wrote an address of fourteen lines, "to her loved cousin on the author's recovery," her last work on earth:—

"Oh! Isa, pain did visit me,
I was at the last extremity;

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How often did I think of you,
I wished your graceful form to view,
To clasp you in my weak embrace,
Indeed I thought I'd run my race:
Good care, I'm sure, was of me taken,
But still indeed I was much shaken,
At last I daily strength did gain,
And oh! at last, away went pain;
At length the doctor thought I might
Stay in the parlor all the night;
I now continue so to do,
Farewell to Nancy and to you."

'She went to bed apparently well, awoke in the middle of the night with the old cry of woe to a mother's heart, "My head, my head!" Three days of the dire malady, "water in the head," followed, and the end came.'

'Soft, silken primrose, fading timelessly.'

It is needless, it is impossible, to add anything to this: the fervour, the sweetness, the flush of poetic ecstasy, the lovely and glowing eye, the perfect nature of that bright and warm intelligence, that darling child,—Lady Nairne's words, and the old tune, stealing up from the depths of the human heart, deep calling unto deep, gentle and strong like the waves of the great sea hushing themselves to sleep in the dark;—the words of Burns, touching the kindred chord, her last numbers 'wildly sweet' traced, with thin and eager fingers, already touched by the last enemy and friend,—*moriens canit*,—and that love which is so soon to be her everlasting light, is her song's burden to the end,

'She set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.'

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